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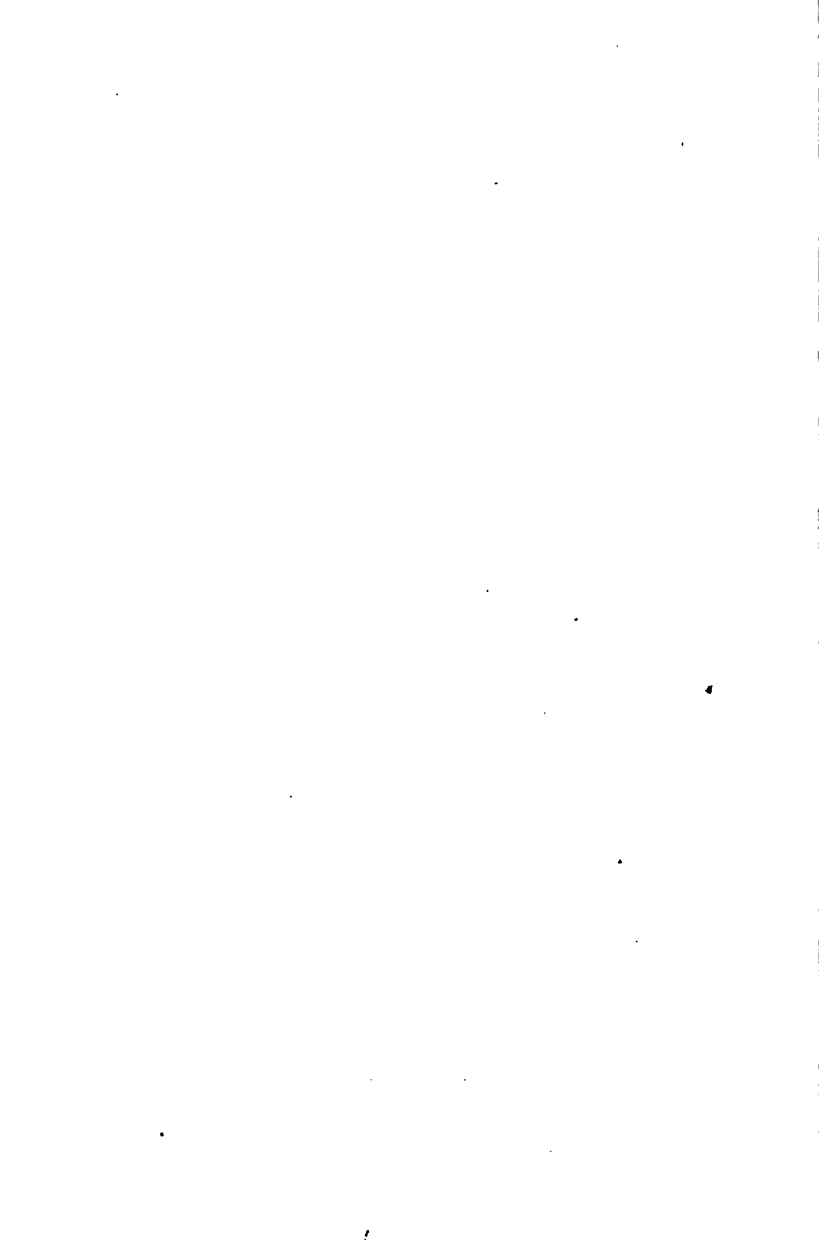


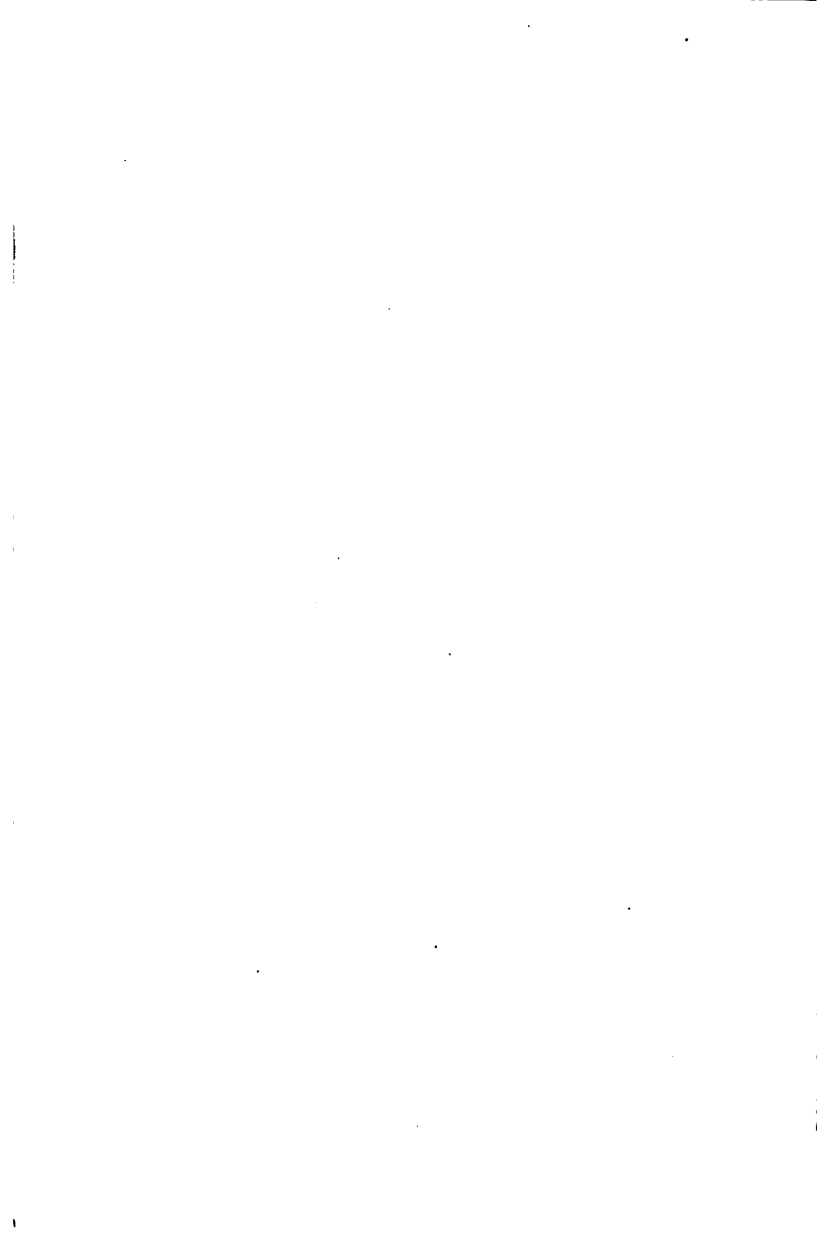
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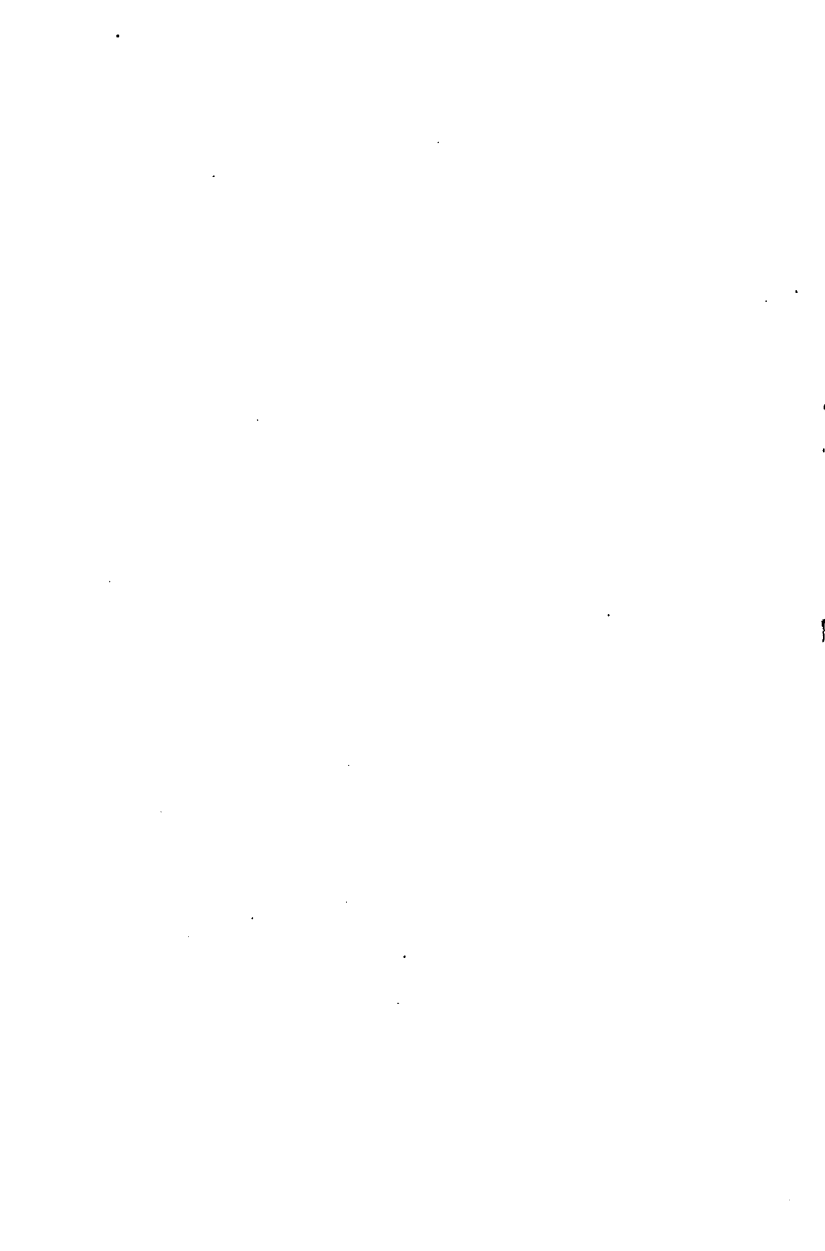
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1918













THE
POEM
AND



ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

Boston.

R. Andrews Pr.

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

MDCCLXIII.



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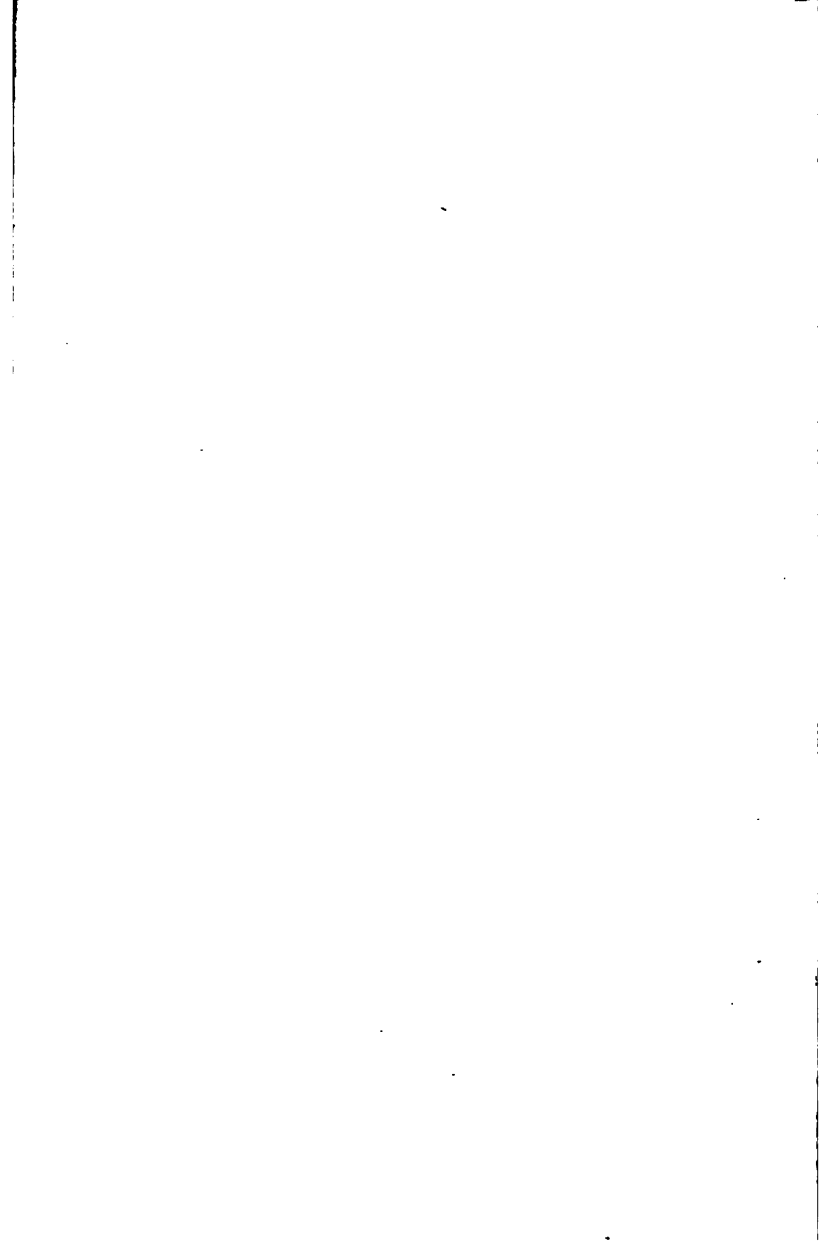
ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

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MDCCLXII.



THE TOKEN

AND

ATLANTIC SOUVENIR,

▲

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

EDITED BY S. G. GOODRICH.

BOSTON:
W. D. TICKNOR.

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P R E F A C E .

AFTER having sustained this work for fourteen years, the Editor has felt reluctant to abandon it; otherwise, amid the general depression of the times, and the waning of that favor once bestowed upon annuals, it had breathed its last. It is better to die than to outlive the world's welcome; and, if we could really believe that the present indifference to souvenirs were more than a caprice, we should only seek a decent burial for the Token, and find solace in writing an epitaph full of bitter reflections upon the fickleness of fortune and favor. But, the truth is, we are of a somewhat sanguine temper — addicted to cheerfulness, slow to distrust friends, and never taking the trouble to conjure up hypochondriacal windmills for the sake of tilting with them. If to-day be cloudy, it is our nature to count on sunshine to-morrow. If we are disappointed then, we have only to put off our hopes and expectations till another day. So it is with us; and, in this humor, with more of hope than fear, yet with all becoming modesty, we beg leave to offer this volume to our FAIR READERS.

If any of these are disposed to point to our gray hairs, or insinuate that we are growing gouty, because we have inserted a long prose, and perhaps prosy, article upon "Ireland and the Irish," let the following

dialogue, which took place between us and our friend Tom Crusty, after he had read the manuscript of this volume, furnish our defence or condemnation. The dialogue was as follows:—

Editor. Well, Mr. Crusty, what do you think of it?

Crusty. Why, it is all nonsense, and therefore it is well enough for a souvenir. I must, however, make one exception. The article upon "Ireland and the Irish," being more than half of it stolen from Tom Moore, seems to have some little sprinkling of reason and common sense in it; and therefore it is out of place in a book intended for ladies.

Editor. Indeed! And should we not address reason and common sense to the fair sex?

Crusty. The very question shows that you know little of the world. Women themselves will be the first to make sport of you, if you talk any thing but nonsense to them.

Editor. Hear us out, Tom! We have a fancy that, although distinctions in society must exist, still we should render these as small as possible. Instead of widening the gulf between the different classes of society, we should do all in our power to fill it up by kindly intercourse. We would not restrict the doctrine of equality of rights to property—to lands and merchandise—but would extend it to feelings. And, as we consider the ladies as the most efficient of all legislators, we wish to set *them* about this system of levelling and reform.

Crusty. Go on, sir.

Editor. Well, now, as to the Irish: these, you know, are of course without the pale of Christian charity;

for it hath been held, from time immemorial, that they are a blundering, pilfering, treacherous race, only born to be used and abused. The ladies, in the discharge of household duties, have much to do with these people, and, as in duty bound, are prone to act upon the authenticated opinion of ages on this subject. What we propose is, to assail this opinion as a vulgar prejudice, and to prove that the Irish are actually human beings; that they have hearts, and generous ones too; that they are, in fact, a noble race, injured, wronged, and often degraded, but, for these very reasons, entitled to the sympathy of mankind; and that, on the score of intrinsic qualities, they lay strong claims to the respect of the world. With these views, we appeal to the reason and common sense of our fair countrywomen, who can, if they will, do much for this unfortunate race.

Crusty. Fudge!

Here the colloquy ended; and, as "fudge" did not seem to us a complete overthrow of our reasoning, we have adhered to our plan, inserted the condemned article, and now leave the issue with those who preside over the fate of more important matters than even souvenirs.

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THE TOKEN.

THE STRANGER'S NEPHEW;

OR, THE

HUMORS OF GRÜNWIESEL.*

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF "UNDINE."

I.

IN the southern part of Germany lies the town of Grünwiesel. This is a small market town, as are most of the towns in that region. In the centre of it you see a square with a fountain, on the north side of which stands a little old court-

* These Humors of Grünwiesel are a translation of W. Hauff's amusing extravaganza, "*Der Affe als Mensch*." Though occasionally touching upon the borders of improbability, they are a good-humored satire, cutting and comic, — the palpable hits of Hamlet; and, welcome as they may be to lovers of laughter and glee, they are but too applicable, we fear, to many a large as well as small town, beside the German Grünwiesel. — *Trans.*

house; and around it rise the dwellings of the justice of the peace and the more respectable shopkeepers, while the rest of the inhabitants live in a few narrow streets. Nothing under heaven here remains unknown; the most private events are viewed as public property. So well does every one know what is every where going forward, that, when the principal clergyman, the burgomaster, or the physician, has a rare dish on his table, the whole town never fail to get scent of the news at dinner. When, in the afternoon, the females meet to pay visits, as they are called, and while drinking strong coffee and eating sweet cake, they share with one another the important gossip they have been able to pick up or make; and the conclusion of the whole matter is, that no doubt the chief minister has been most unchristianly dabbling in the lottery, and drawing one of the highest prizes; or that the burgomaster has been shrewd enough to butter his bread on both sides; or that the doctor has pocketed many a piece of gold from the apothecary, as a bribe for his letting him make his prescriptions dear. You may easily imagine, kind reader, how vexatious it must be for such a well-ordered town as Grünwiesel, to have a man come there of whom no one knows whence he

comes, what his business is, and how he is to live.

Now, as fate and mischief would have it, just such a man one day arrived there. The burgomaster, it is true, had examined his pass, and remarked at one of the doctor's coffee-parties, that it was all perfectly correct, so far as directed from Berlin to Grünwiesel, but that not a word was said of his journey before, or of his former place of abode — circumstances that looked not a little mysterious. As the burgomaster was a man of the greatest consideration in town, there was nothing wonderful in the stranger's being regarded as a suspicious person from the very day of his arrival. Besides, his conduct afterward was far from removing this early prejudice. With a few pieces of gold, the stranger hired him a whole house, which had for some time stood unoccupied; ordered quite a wagon-load of strange furniture, such as stoves, shovels, tongs, pots, kettles, and other utensils for kitchen use, to be brought; and from that hour lived all alone, and for himself alone. Yes, he even cooked his own food; and not a soul entered his house but an old man of Grünwiesel, whom he employed to buy bread, meat, and vegetables; still more, this man was permitted to

come no farther than the ground floor, where the stranger received his purchases himself.

The commotion thus raised in this small town was excessive. The man never amused himself, like others, in playing nine-pins in the afternoon ; never went to the tavern in the evening to smoke his pipe and talk over the news. In vain did the burgomaster, the justice of the peace, the doctor, and the principal minister, one after another, invite him to dine or take coffee ; he invariably excused himself. In consequence of this unsocial spirit, some considered him as mad, others suspected him to be a Jew, while a third party stoutly maintained that he was a conjurer or wizard. Thus passed eight or ten years, and still the town called him " **THE STRANGER GENTLEMAN.**"

II.

One afternoon, about this time, some people happened to come into town with a show of animals from foreign parts. It was one of those strolling caravans, which have a camel that kneels, a bear that dances, with dogs and monkeys that look so comical in boys' clothes, and play all sorts of diverting tricks. These wanderers commonly march through a town, stop in

the cross streets and squares, make a miserable discord of music with a small drum and fife, set their troop to dancing and leaping, and then collect what money they can at the doors of the houses. Now, the most attractive animal which these strollers had to exhibit on their present visit, was a remarkable ourang-outang, almost as large as a man, that walked on two legs, and knew how to perform a great variety of ingenious tricks. These grotesque comedians, of the dog and monkey school, came also before the house of the stranger; and at first, when the drum and fife struck up their din, he appeared, through his dim, unwashed windows, to be exceedingly annoyed; but soon after, to the surprise of every body, he looked out of a window quite amused, and laughed heartily at the feats of the ourang-outang; nay, he threw out so large a bit of silver for the entertainment he had had, that it became the talk of the whole town.

Next morning, the menagerie moved forward to another town; the camel had to carry a number of baskets, in which the dogs and monkeys were stowed away very commodiously, while the beast-trainer and the baboon followed the camel. But not many hours had passed, after their leav-

ing the town, when the stranger sent to the post-house, and, to the extreme astonishment of the post-master, requested him to order a carriage and extra post-horses to be got ready for him ; and with these he set off in the same direction in which the animals had gone. The town's people were all in a pheeze of vexation, because they couldn't learn where he was journeying.

It was already night, when the stranger returned in the carriage, and drove up to the town gate ; but another person was sitting by his side, who had pressed his hat hard down upon his forehead, and bound a silk handkerchief over his mouth and ears. The recorder, or clerk of the gate, considered it his duty to address the new stranger, and ask him for his pass ; but he replied in a gruff and grumbling voice, while he muttered something in a language wholly unintelligible.

"He is my nephew," said the stranger to the clerk, in a friendly tone, as he slipped some pieces of silver into his hand — "he is my nephew, and he understands but few words of German as yet ; he has hardly been able, on account of our stopping him here, to keep himself from cursing us to our teeth."

"Why, if he is a nephew of yours," replied

the recorder, "he may be admitted without a pass. He will doubtless live with you."

"Certainly," said the stranger; "and he will probably remain here for a long time."

The clerk of the gate making no further objection, the stranger and his nephew were admitted. The burgomaster and the whole town were much dissatisfied with the clerk. He had been so fortunate, however, as to catch two or three words of the nephew's speech; and from these he could easily ascertain of what country both he and his uncle were natives. Now, the recorder was sure that they were neither French nor Italian, but that they had much of the broad brogue of English; and if he was not mistaken, the young gentleman had blurted out the words, "G— D——!" once or twice.

In this manner the clerk got himself out of his difficulty, and helped the young man to a name; for nothing was now spoken of throughout the town but the young Englishman; and those two words were considered his name.*

* See the amusing note to Pye's Translation of Aristotle's POETIC, where he alludes to this whimsical mode of detecting an Englishman. — *Trans.*

III.

But the young Englishman was not to be seen at nine-pins, or in the beer-cellar, any more than his uncle, although in another way he gave the people business enough to do. It often happened, for instance, that such fearful screams and sounds of alarm proceeded from the stranger's house, (which was usually so still,) that crowds of people stopped before it and looked up. The young Englishman, wearing a red frock and green pantaloons, was seen, with bristling hair and a frightful look, running incredibly swift from room to room, and from window to window; the old stranger pursuing him in a red night-gown, a hunting-whip in his hand, and not seldom failing with his random strokes to hit him; but it sometimes seemed to the crowd in the street below, that he must have given the youth a genuine switching; for they caught the keen cutting of the whip, and the consequent shrieks of suffering. The females of the town took so lively an interest in this barbarous treatment of the young foreigner, that they finally moved the burgomaster to examine the matter. He wrote the stranger a billet, in which he reproved him in severe terms for his

cruel usage of his nephew, and threatened, if there should be a repetition of such scenes, to take the young gentleman under his own especial protection.

But who could be more astonished than the burgomaster, when, for the first time in ten years, he saw the stranger enter his room? The old gentleman made an apology for his conduct by mentioning the strict command of the young man's parents, who had committed him to his care to be educated; he was quite a discreet and clever lad, he said, except in his extreme slowness in learning languages; it was his strong desire, that his nephew should gain some fluency in speaking German, in order that he might take the liberty of introducing him to the society of Grünwiesel; and so great was his difficulty, his obstinate stupidity rather, in mastering the language, that he judged he could do nothing better for him, than give him now and then the wholesome discipline of the whip.

The burgomaster was perfectly satisfied with this communication: he advised the old man to be more gentle in his discipline, and told his friends at the alehouse in the evening, that he had seldom met with a man so agreeable and well-informed as the stranger. "It is a thousand

pities," he added, "that he comes among us so rarely; I suspect, however, that the moment his nephew has made some proficiency in German, he will visit our circle more frequently."

IV.

By an incident slight as this was, the opinion of the town altogether changed. The stranger was esteemed a judicious man; all desired to have a more intimate acquaintance with him; and, when a horrible outcry was occasionally heard in his solitary dwelling, it was viewed only as the natural course of things. "He is giving his nephew a lesson; he is teaching him to speak German!" observed the inhabitants of Grünwiesel, and then, quite satisfied, passed along.

In about three months the lessons in German seemed to be finished; for the old gentleman now went a step farther in giving his pupil accomplishments. There was a lame old Frenchman living in the town, who taught young people dancing and the graces. The stranger sent for this man, and told him it was his wish that he should give his nephew some instruction in dancing. He informed him that he was in general quite docile, but that, so far as dancing was concerned, he was rather self-willed. He had,

not long before, he said, taken lessons of another master ; and yet, after all his drilling, he could not well be admitted into company ; but still his nephew looked upon himself as a first-rate dancer, although his dancing bore no resemblance to waltz or gallop, to the Scotch fling or the French pigeon's-wing. He moreover promised to give him a dollar an hour ; and the dancing-master was glad to undertake the instruction of this wild and wilful pupil.

Nothing under heaven could more exceed all power of imagination, as the Frenchman swore with a great oath, than this same hour of dancing. The nephew, rather a tall and slender youth, though he had legs remarkably short, appeared beautifully dressed in a red frock, wide green pantaloons, and glazed gloves. He spoke little, and with a foreign accent, showing himself, at first, quite well behaved and clever ; but on a sudden, he often made the most whimsical springs, danced round and round the room with the wildness of frenzy, and then went through with such furious cross-capers, as well nigh deprived the dancing-master both of hearing and sight. When he tried to put the madcap right, he snatched off his elegant dancing-pumps, threw them at the Frenchman's head, and scampered

round the room on all fours. Roused by this tumult, the old gentleman rushed from his room, dressed in a wide scarlet night-gown, a gold-paper cap on his head, and with his hunting-whip switched and switched the back of his nephew. His nephew then set up a terrible outcry, sprang upon a table and high chest of drawers, and even leapt upon the large cross-piece of the window-frame, where he clung in terror, showing his white teeth, and wildly sputtering his strange, foreign gibberish. But the old man, in his scarlet night-gown, so far from being disconcerted at all this, seized him by the leg, pulled him down, and lashed him severely. He then grasped his neckcloth, and, by means of a buckle, drew it tighter; on which the hare-brained stripling showed more gentleness and propriety of manners, and the hour of dancing went on without interruption.

But when the dancing-master had advanced his pupil so far, that he was able to add music to the business of the hour, the nephew seemed to experience a favorable change. A town musician was hired, who was directed to sit on a table in the hall of the lonely house. The dancing-master then stood up as a lady, while the old gentleman put on him a woman's silk gown and

an East India shawl. The nephew bowed to his partner, and now began to dance and waltz with him; but so furious and indefatigable a dancer was he, that he never permitted the master to escape from his long arms. Groan and cry out, "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" as manfully as he might, still, in spite of all his groaning, and *Mon Dieu*ing, he was forced to continue dancing, until he sunk down overpowered with fatigue, or the arm of the musician became stiff with fiddling. These hours of teaching brought the dancing-master almost to his last figure and rigadon; but the dollar, which was every time punctually paid him, and the good wine, which the old gentleman was liberal in providing, made him return unfailing as the hour, although the day before he had firmly resolved never to enter the house again.

The people of Grünwiesel, however, viewed this affair in a quite different light from what the Frenchman did. They were persuaded that the young man had many fine qualities to recommend him in society; and the ladies of the town, in the great dearth of gentlemen, rejoiced in the hope of having so expert a dancer at the balls of the coming winter.

V.

One morning, when the servant-maids came home from the market, they told their mistresses a wonderful piece of news. They had seen a magnificent carriage, with lamps and glass windows, standing before the solitary house : it had beautiful horses harnessed to it, and a driver in a rich livery was holding the reins, and cracking his whip. The door of the lone house was then opened, and two gentlemen, in splendid apparel, walked out, of whom one was the old stranger, and the other was probably the young gentleman who found it so hard to learn German, and who danced so wildly. They both stepped into the carriage ; an attendant sprang up behind ; and the carriage, as it appeared, drove directly up to the house of the burgomaster.

When the women received this account from their domestics, they instantly tore off their kitchen aprons and soiled caps, and put themselves in elegant trim. "There is nothing more certain," said they to their families, — while all were scampering up and down to prepare their visiting parlors, which were not seldom used for many other purposes, — "nothing *can* be more certain, than that the stranger now means to

introduce his nephew into the world. The old dotard has not been civil enough these ten years to set foot within our doors ; but we forgive him now for the sake of his nephew, who will be a charming man." Thus they spoke, and told their sons and daughters to be very polite, when the strangers came, to keep themselves erect, and pay more than common attention to their pronounciation.

The shrewd females of the town had not been mistaken in their conjecture ; for the old gentleman went round with his nephew to call upon the families in course, and to recommend both himself and him to their favor.

The townspeople were every where much taken with the two strangers, and regretted that they had not made their delightful acquaintance more early. The old gentleman discovered himself to be a worthy and intelligent man, who slightly smiled indeed at whatever was said, so that you could not be certain whether he were serious or sarcastic ; but he spoke of the weather, the country, the pleasures of summer at the beer-cellar by the mountain, with such judicious thoughtfulness, that every one was enchanted with him.

But the nephew ! How was it with him ? He

charmed every body, gained golden opinions from the whole town ; in a word, he won all hearts to himself. Whatever, indeed, you might say of his person, you could not call his face beautiful ; the lower part, especially the jaws, was too prominent, and his complexion was rather too brown ; besides, he made all sorts of odd grimaces, shut his eyes, and kept showing his teeth ; but still all found the cut of his features remarkably interesting. Nothing could be more flexible or full of motion than his figure. It is true, the garments he wore seemed to have been thrown upon him ; but however unfashionable might be their hang, they were all admirably becoming in *him*. He jumped round the room with incredible activity, threw himself upon a sofa here and upon an arm-chair there, stretching his legs out at full length ; but what in another young man would have been viewed as in the highest degree vulgar and indecorous, passed with the nephew for the noble daring of genius. " He is an Englishman," was the common voice, " and it is all natural in them : an Englishman may fling himself upon a sofa, and fall asleep, while ten ladies are obliged to stand up round him without a seat ; so you must take nothing amiss in an Englishman." To the old gentleman, his uncle,

he was very submissive ; for when he began skipping about the apartment, or, as he was fond of doing, drew his feet up into his chair, one stern glance from his uncle's eye was enough to bring him to order. And how could one take his wild humors ill, when the uncle never failed saying to the lady of the house, "My nephew, dear madam, is as yet rather rude and unpolished ; but I promise myself much advantage from a society that will form and fashion him to propriety ; and therefore I earnestly commend him to your kindness !"

VI.

In this manner was the nephew introduced into the world ; and all Grünwiesel spoke of nothing on this and the following days but of an event so arresting. The old gentleman gave up his recluse habits ; he seemed to have entirely changed his modes of thinking and living. In the afternoon, he went out with his nephew to the rock-cellar by the mountain, where the more respectable gentlemen of Grünwiesel loved to drink beer and play nine-pins. The nephew showed himself a perfect master of the game, for he never knocked down less than five or six : now and then, indeed, a wild spirit would come

over him; throwing the bowl, he would rush after it, and raise a mad shout of triumph among the falling pins; or sometimes, when he had knocked them all down, he would in a moment be standing on his beautifully frizzled head, and kicking his legs up in the air; or, if a coach were passing by, he would spring upon the top of it, ere any one was aware of his intention, make grimaces to those below, ride on a few rods, and then leap down and join the players again.

Whenever such scenes took place, the old gentleman used to beg the burgomaster and the other men to excuse the ill-bred vagaries of his nephew; but they only laughed, and ascribed them all to his youth, observing that, at his time of life, they were themselves just as lightfooted as he, and that they loved the frolicsome young whirligig, as they called him, all the better.

There were times, however, when they were equally offended themselves; and still they never ventured to open their lips, because the young Englishman was universally allowed to be the glass of fashion, and the perfection of taste and good sense. The old gentleman was wont to take his nephew in the evening to a public house in the town, called the Golden Stag. Now, although the nephew was as yet quite a youth, he

was fond of aping the manners and customs of the aged : he would gravely seat himself with a glass of wine before him, mount a monstrous pair of spectacles, draw forth a huge pipe, light it, and puff away with the bravest of them. When conversation arose concerning the news, whether of war or peace, the doctor would broach this opinion, and the burgomaster that, while the rest of the gentlemen would be greatly astonished at the depth of their political knowledge ; but the whim would suddenly enter the nephew's brain to advance an opinion altogether different. He would raise his hand, from which he never took off his glove, strike the table with violence, and, fastening his eyes upon the burgomaster and doctor, make them clearly understand, that they knew nothing at all of the matter ; that he had received quite another version of the affair, and possessed a more profound insight. He then, in shockingly broken German, tried to make some exposition of his views, which all, to the extreme vexation of the burgomaster, applauded as truly admirable ; for, as an Englishman, he must naturally be much better informed.

The burgomaster and doctor, not daring to give vent to their wrath, sat down to a game of chess, when the nephew immediately sidled up

to them, looked over the burgomaster's shoulder with his huge spectacles, found fault with this move or that, and, pointing, told the doctor he must put his piece here or there, so that in their hearts they were both of them almost maddened with rage. The burgomaster was so excited, that, with a view to giving him his match, he challenged him to play with him, for he esteemed himself a second Philidor; but the old gentleman buckled his nephew's neckcloth tighter, on which he became more mannerly, and sat down to play with the burgomaster.

It had been customary to play cards at Grünwiesel almost every evening, and for a half-penny a game; but the nephew now deemed this a miserable pittance, putting down crown-pieces and ducats, and boasting that no one played so well as he, though he usually appeased the offended gentlemen by losing large sums to them. They made this no matter of conscience, not in the least scrupling to take his money from him; "for he is an Englishman, and as rich as Cræsus," said they, as they pocketed his ducats.

VII.

Thus the nephew of the stranger gentleman became in a short time a person of no small

estimation, both in the town and its vicinity. There were none who were able to recollect having heard of such a youth in Grünwiesel within the memory of man; and all said he was the most remarkable personage they had ever seen themselves. You could not say that he had ever learnt the least thing in the world, except, perhaps, dancing. Latin and Greek, as the familiar phrase runs, were nothing *but* Greek to him. A party once met at the burgomaster's house, and played the social game in which every one is required to write something, when it was discovered that he couldn't so much as write his name. In geography he made the most shameful blunders; for it was no uncommon thing with him to put a German city in France, or a Danish one in Poland. He had read nothing, studied nothing, and the chief clergyman often shook his head thoughtfully at the young man's gross ignorance; but at the same time you found whatever he did or said was exquisite; for he was so impudent, that he always claimed to be in the right, and the upshot of the matter seemed to be, "I understand all that much better than you!"

VIII.

Amid these pastimes and pleasures came the season of winter ; and now the nephew appeared in still greater glory. Every party seemed to drag on wearily, where he was not present : whenever a man of sense made any remark, there was a general yawn ; but when the nephew uttered even the most stupid stuff in a wretched jargon of German, the company were all ear. It was now discovered, that this admirable young man was also a poet ; for no evening could well pass away, in which he did not draw forth a manuscript from his pocket, and, in a mumbling voice, read the company a number of sonnets. There were some persons, indeed, who described many of these poems as senseless trash, and that they were so unfortunate as to have read the rest of them somewhere else ; but the nephew suffered nothing to disconcert him ; he kept mumbling and mumbling, and then, in the same tone, seemed to be descanting on the beauties of his verse ; and every time he did so, followed a thunder of applause.

But the balls of Grünwiesel, — these were his grand triumph. No one could dance more nimbly or more indefatigably than he ; none made

such bold and elegant leaps as he. Besides, his uncle always dressed him in the most splendid apparel, cut in the newest and most fashionable style; and although his garments, do what you would, never set very gracefully, still all acknowledged that they were infinitely becoming to him. The gentlemen, indeed, were somewhat displeased with his dancing, on account of his novel mode of procedure. Heretofore, the burgo-master had invariably opened the ball in person, while the more respectable of the young men had the privilege of arranging the rest of the dances; but, since the appearance of the foreign young gentleman, this courtesy had been abolished as obsolete. Without so much as saying, "If you please," he took the nearest lady by the hand, stationed himself with her at the head of the set, and acted in every respect as if he were master of the ceremonies and king of the ball. But, in consequence of the ladies highly approving this new etiquette, the gentlemen durst make no objection to it; and the nephew continued to enjoy his self-assumed dignity.

These balls appeared to give the old gentleman the greatest delight; he never turned his eyes from his nephew; kept smiling to himself; and, when all the world came crowding up to

congratulate him in relation to so graceful and well-bred a youth, he was unable to contain the fulness of his joy, breaking out in merry peals of laughter, and discovering almost the dotage of a fool; but the people of Grünwiesel ascribed these unusual demonstrations of joy to his great love for his nephew, and viewed them as all perfectly natural. At the same time, he was compelled now and then to treat his nephew with the authority of a father; for the young man would take it into his head, in the midst of his most elegant dancing, to make a bold spring upon the scaffold where the musicians were sitting, snatch his bass accompaniment from the hand of the organist, and scratch and rattle it fearfully; or he would all at once cast himself down and dance upon his hands, while he stuck his feet up into the air. On such occasions, his uncle used to take him aside, give him a severe reproof, draw his neckcloth more close, and thus restore him to propriety of manners.

IX.

Such was the nephew's behavior in company and at balls. Now, with respect to manners, those which are bad are always more easily imitated than the good; and a new fashion that is

striking, even when it is in the highest degree ridiculous, has something in it very attractive for young people, who have not yet reflected upon themselves or the world. This was the case at Grünwiesel in regard to the nephew and his peculiar manners. When youngsters from fifteen to seventeen saw how welcome he was with his awkward gait, his rude laugh, his senseless chatter, his coarse answers to his elders; that such conduct, instead of being censured, was prized as indicative of a daring, independent, or finely-touched spirit — this was the conclusion to which they came: "There will be no great difficulty in becoming a spirited clown like him." In past years, they had prided themselves in being studious and clever scholars; but now their cry was, "What's the use of learning, when ignorance is so much more successful?" So they threw away their books, visited places of general resort, and drove their horses up and down the streets full speed. Heretofore they had been gentlemanly in their deportment, and courteous to every one; they had waited till their opinion was asked, and then made answer with grace and modesty; but now they looked upon themselves as having attained the rank of men, stood chatting with them as with equals, advanced

their opinions with confident assurance, and, when the burgomaster made a remark, laughed in his face, telling him, with effrontery, that they understood all that much better.

Formerly, the youth of Grünwiesel had shrunk with horror from all rude and vulgar behavior. Now, they sung all sorts of indecent songs, made use of monstrous pipes in smoking, and got into tavern brawls and embarrassments; they bought them huge spectacles, when they could see perfectly well without them, set them astride their nose, and now fancied themselves to be made men; for they were accoutred just like the famous nephew. Both at home and when they were visiting abroad, they stretched themselves on the sofa in their boots and spurs, rocked their chairs in good company, or, resting their elbows on the table, supported their heads with both hands—a sight most charming to see. It was of no avail that their mothers and friends represented to them the folly and impropriety of all this; they appealed to the illustrious example of the nephew. It was of no use to tell them that a certain national rudeness was excusable in the nephew, as a young Englishman; the youngsters of Grünwiesel maintained that they had just as good a right to be ill mannered, in a spirited

way, as the best Englishman in England; in short, it was a calamity that the good manners and old-school usages of Grünwiesel were, by the nephew's bad example, completely undermined.

X.

But the joy with which the young novices viewed their wild, unrestrained freedom, was of short continuance; for an event took place, which at once changed the whole scene. The enjoyments of the winter were to close with a grand concert, which was to be partly performed by the musicians of the town, and partly by the musical amateurs of Grünwiesel. The burgomaster played the violoncello; the doctor touched the bassoon with uncommon skill; the apothecary, although he was not accounted much of a player, blew the flute; some young ladies of Grünwiesel had learnt airs, songs, and sonatas; and every thing was in the most promising preparation. The old stranger then observed, that a concert of this kind would certainly be delightful, but that a duet was evidently wanting, since a duet was viewed, in every regular concert, as indispensable. This observation caused no little perplexity: the daughter of the burgomaster, it is true, sung like a nightingale; but

where should they get a gentleman who could sing a duet with her? Allusion was at last made to the old organist, who had once sung an excellent bass; but the stranger remarked, that this was not at all necessary, as his nephew was quite remarkable for his musical attainments. All were much astonished at this new discovery in the gifted young man; they pressed him to give them a specimen of his vocal powers, and with the exception of some peculiarities of manner, which were regarded as English, he sung like an angel. A duet was learnt with all speed, and the evening at length arrived, on which the ears of the people of Grünwiesel were to be ravished by the concert.

The old stranger, we regret to say, was unable to witness the triumph of his nephew, owing to indisposition; but he gave the burgomaster, who called to see him an hour before, some directions how to manage his nephew. "He is a fine fellow, that nephew of mine," said he; "but now and then he falls into a whirl of the wildest vagaries, and then his mad scampering commences. I am therefore sorry that I cannot be present at the concert; for before me he takes good heed to himself, and he well knows for what reason. This, too, I must say to his

credit, — that his freaks do not spring from a wayward viciousness of *mind*, but purely from an exuberance of animal spirits, that is inherent in his nature. Would you be so kind, Mr. Burgomaster, should he chance to fall into his wild humors, — jumping upon the music-desk, attempting to manage the bass, or the like, — would you just loosen his high neckcloth, or, if that should not bring him to order, take it wholly off, you will see how gentle and well behaved he will be.”

The burgomaster thanked the sick man for the confidence he had reposed in him, and promised, in case of necessity, to do as he had advised him.

The concert hall was excessively crowded, for all Grünwiesel and its vicinity were there. All the huntsmen, ministers, officers, landlords, and the like, within the circuit of three leagues, came pressing in with their numerous families, to share this rare enjoyment with the inhabitants of Grünwiesel. The town musicians performed excellently well; next to them ranked the burgomaster, who played the violoncello, accompanied by the apothecary, who blew the flute; after these, the organist gave a solemn chant with universal applause; and even the doctor

got a good share of clapping, when he startled the ear with the deep tones of his bassoon.

The first part of the concert was now finished, and all were eagerly expecting the second, in which the young stranger was to give a duet with the daughter of the burgomaster. The nephew appeared in a dress of great magnificence, and had been long attracting the attention of all present. He had, without leave or license, plumped down into a gorgeous arm-chair, in which a neighboring countess was to have been seated; he stretched his legs far out before him, stared at every body through a monstrous quizzing-glass, which he sported in addition to his huge pair of spectacles, and played with an overgrown mastiff, which, notwithstanding the order for excluding dogs, he had introduced into the company. The countess, for whom the arm-chair had been prepared, came in; but the only person who was not prompt to rise and make room for her, was the nephew; he, on the contrary, adjusted himself still more comfortably in his seat, and no one ventured to whisper in his ear the slightest hint of his ungentlemanly conduct. The distinguished lady was obliged to take quite an ordinary straw-bottomed chair, among the females of the place — a circumstance that

was as disagreeable to herself as mortifying to others.

During the admirable execution of the burgo-master, the fine chanting of the organist, even while the doctor was pouring forth his wild bassoon voluntary, and every one held his breath and listened, the nephew kept making the dog fetch and carry his handkerchief; and then he would set up a loud jabbering with the person who sat next to him, so that all who did not know the young gentleman, were amazed at the vulgarity of his manners.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the company were quite impatient to hear him sing his duet. The second part began; the town musicians performed a short overture, when the burgo-master led his daughter up to the young man, handed him a sheet of music, and said, "My lord, would it be agreeable to you now to sing the duetto?" The young man laughed, showed his white teeth, leaped up, and both father and daughter followed him to the music-desk, while the whole crowd were in the hush of expectation. The organist struck the note, and motioned to the nephew to begin. He gazed upon the notes through his enormous glasses, and uttered a sort of howl the most hideous and

doleful. But the organist shouted to him, "Two notes lower, your excellency! C is the note you must strike — C!"

But, instead of striking C, the nephew pulled off one of his shoes, and flung it at the organist's head, making the powder fly like a mist. When the burgomaster saw this, he thought within himself, "Ha! now his animal affections are upon him again;" and, springing to where he stood, he grasped him by his neckcloth, and made it much looser; but this only excited the young man still worse; he spoke German no more, but the strangest Babel jargon under heaven, which nobody understood, and made astonishing leaps. The burgomaster was in despair at this unpleasant disturbance; and, having the impression that something very extraordinary must be the matter with the young man, he took the uncle's hint of entirely freeing him from his neckcloth. But hardly had he done this, when he stood petrified with horror; for, instead of a human skin and complexion, the youngster's neck had a dark-brown hide; and the moment he leaped higher and more wildly, he struck his gloved hands into his hair, tore it furiously from his head, and — O wonderful change! — those beautiful locks were nothing but a wig,

which he threw in the burgomaster's face; and his head now appeared covered with the same brown hide!

He jumped over tables and benches, overset the music-desk, crushed and trampled upon fiddles and clarionets, and seemed to be perfectly frantic. "Seize him! seize him!" cried the burgomaster, quite beside himself; "he is out of his senses; seize him!" This was no easy matter; for he had pulled off his gloves, and now showed his fingers armed with nails, with which he gave the people's faces a woful scratching. At last a stout huntsman succeeded in mastering him. With a strong grasp, he pressed his long arms hard together, so that he could do nothing but kick with his feet, and laugh and scream with his hoarse voice. The people gathered round, and looked at the strange young gentleman, who now bore only a caricature resemblance to a man; but a learned naturalist, who lived in the neighborhood, and possessed an extensive collection of curiosities in natural history, with a great variety of stuffed animals, pressed through the crowd, carefully examined him, and, struck with wonder, exclaimed, "My God! how came you, gentlemen and ladies, to admit this animal into the society

of human beings? He is a monkey—the *Trog-lodyte man* of Linnæus! I will give six dollars for him, the moment he is brought to me, and will add him to my collection!”

XI.

Who can describe the astonishment of the people of Grünwiesel, when they heard this! “What! a monkey, an ourang-outang, in our company! The young stranger nothing but a common ape!” they cried, as they looked in one another’s faces, all stupefied with amazement. They would not believe, they could not credit, what they had heard; the men carefully examined their spirited young friend; but he was, and he continued to be, no more than a monkey, or, at most, a gentleman baboon.

“But how can this be possible?” cried the burgomaster’s lady. “Has he not often read me his poems? Has he not dined with me like a real man?”

“What!” exclaimed the doctor’s lady, with passionate displeasure—“what! has he not once and again drank coffee with me? Has he not smoked, and learnt to talk German, with my husband?”

“How! is it possible?” cried the men. “Has

he not played nine-pins with us at the rock-cellar, and got into a heat in talking politics, just like one of us?"

"And how can it be?" they all asked in grief and mortification. "Has he not led the dance at our balls? An ape! a monkey! It is marvellous, it is magic!"

"Yes, it is sorcery and devilish enchantment, a vision of the black art!" cried the burgomaster, as he produced the neckcloth of the nephew or monkey. "Behold! here is the charm, which has rendered him so admirable in our eyes, attached to this neckcloth! It is a broad strip of elastic parchment, inscribed with all sorts of mysterious characters. I think it is Latin. Is there no one here who can read it?"

The chief minister, a learned man, who had lost many a game at chess in playing with the ape, came up, looked at the parchment, and said, "No, no; it is not Latin. The words are merely written in Roman letters, and read thus:—

'YOUR.APE'S.A.WONDROUS.FUNNY.
FELLOW.
AT.LEAST.WHEN.MUNCHING.APPLES.
MELLOW.'

Yes, yes; it is some witchcraft, some delusion

of hell!" he continued; "and its author ought to suffer condign punishment."

"He *shall* suffer it!" exclaimed the burgomaster, and immediately set off to seize the stranger, who, beyond all dispute, was a sorcerer; while six soldiers of the town guard carried the ape; for the stranger was to be instantly hurried before a magistrate for examination.

Surrounded by an immense crowd of people, they soon reached the solitary house; for every one was anxious to see how the matter would end. They knocked at the door; they pulled the bell; but all in vain: no one appeared. The burgomaster was inflamed with fury, and, ordering his men to burst open the door, rushed up to the stranger's room. But nothing was to be seen there, except various articles of old household furniture; the stranger was nowhere to be found. But a large sealed letter lay on his table, addressed to the burgomaster, who in trembling excitement opened it. The letter ran thus:—

"MY EXCELLENT FRIENDS OF GRÜNWIESEL!

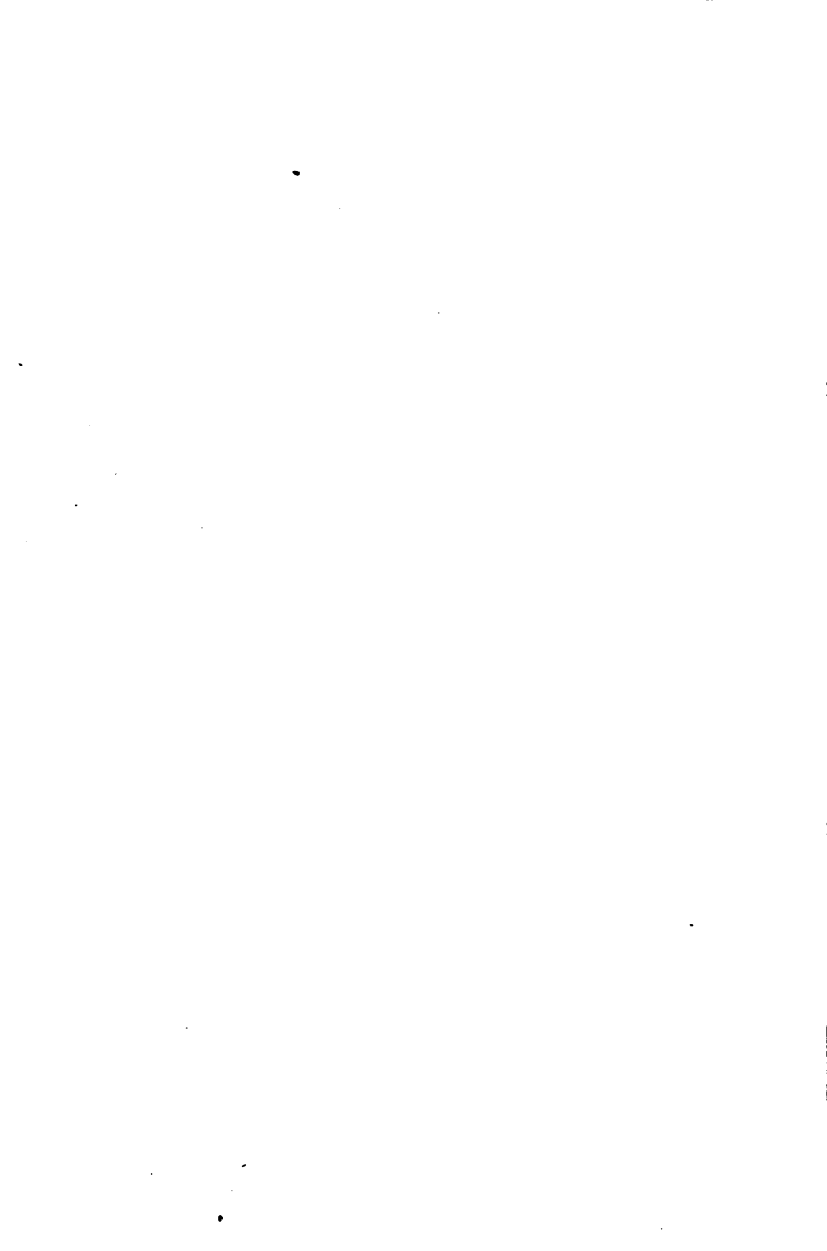
"When you read this line, I shall be no longer in your little town, and you will have already discovered the quality and country of my be-

loved nephew. Please to receive the joke which I have enjoyed at your expense, as a good-natured warning not to urge a stranger to mix with your society, when he prefers to live retired. I really felt myself too good to have any thing to do with your everlasting gossip, your wretched customs, and your ridiculous modes of life. I therefore educated a young ourang-outang, to whom, as my representative, you have given so heartwarm a welcome. Farewell, and make the best use in your power of the lesson I have given you."

It is not necessary to say that the Grünwiesels were excessively ashamed, and that they became the laughing-stock of the whole country. Still their comfort was, that they had been made the victims of an unnatural imposture. But the young men of Grünwiesel were most ashamed, in consequence of having viewed the baboon's animal habits and wild antics as worthy of imitation. From that day forward they avoided leaning upon their elbows; they left off rocking and tilting back their chairs; they were no longer so intrusive as to advance their opinion till it was asked; they laid aside their pipes and spectacles, and became as well behaved and gen-

tlemanly as they had been before; and whenever any one happened to be guilty of such bad habits and awkward manners, the Grünwieselites would exclaim, "That has a smack of the stranger's nephew!" or, "Has our noble acquaintance, the young master of the ceremonies, come to town again?"

To conclude our story:—The ape that had so long played the part of a young gentleman, was delivered to the learned naturalist. He feeds him, allows him to course round his court at will, and shows him to strangers as a curiosity; and there he continues to this day, *at home* to all who come to make him a call.



The main Page, as well to the others.

THE SWISS BOY'S FAREWELL.

SWEET River Rhone! sweet River Rhone!

Thou playmate of my earliest day!

I've wandered many a weary mile,

And yet along thy banks I stray.

Mount Furca* now is far behind,—

That cradle which we both have known;

And this, they say, is France; but still

I'm with a friend, sweet River Rhone!

I'm with a friend whose every wave

Leaps gayly by my father's door,

And many a pleasing thought I've had

To see thee there fret, foam, and roar.

I've wondered, in my childish dreams,

If in thy tide some sky was thrown,

To make thy waters all so blue,

So like to heaven, sweet River Rhone!

The glaciers at old Furca's top

Did seem thy cold, blue, nursing mother,

And thou an infant chill and lone,

Toddling from one rough stone to t'other.

* The source of the Rhone is at the foot of one of the Alps, called Mount Furca.

But soon thou learned'st to leap and run,
And then at last thou went'st alone;
Yet brighter ever didst thou flow,
When I was there, sweet River Rhone!

And now we've come together here,
By many a turn, through many a dell,—
O'er rock, and crag, and beetling wall,—
To part at last—to say farewell.
We part,—for thou must seek the sea,
And go thy way to me unknown;
And I must on to Paris hie,
As lost to thee, sweet River Rhone!

Farewell! nor deem them idle tears,
That down my cheek unbidden flow;
For now thou seem'st my dearest friend,
Thou'rt linked with home and parents so.
Farewell! but rest and ease shall be
To these young limbs unsought, unknown,
Till, blest with wealth, the Swiss return
To home and thee, sweet River Rhone!

STANZAS

BY F. S. JEWETT.

THE sweet voices of evening are lost in the gale,
And the spirit of tempest exults o'er the tale;
But the darkness of midnight in vain shall depart,
For the voice of the storm is the voice of the heart.

And the promise of youth, and its gladness, are o'er;
And the smile of existence shall charm me no more:
On my brow is revealed the pale signet of grief—
Of the cankerous blight that asks no relief.

Like the oak of the forest when dauntless in pride,
I stood with the sunlight of love by my side;
Like the oak when the red wing of lightning had passed,
I was bowed, for that love was struck down by the
blast.

I have dreamed—'twas of bliss; but my dream woke
in tears,
And the gloom was yet deepened by gathering fears;
For hope fled away, and, wearied with care,
I sunk to repose on the couch of despair.

The curtains of midnight no figures reveal;
Through the temple of silence no whispers can steal;
As dark as that curtain, as still as that cave,
As rayless and silent,—my heart is a grave.

AN OMITTED PICKWICK PAPER,

RESTORED BY POZ.

CHAPTER CCXIV.

*Showing Mr. Weller's Views relating to Matrimony,
with a slight Touch at Widowhood.*

As soon as the church services were over, Mr. Pickwick, according to the arrangement previously hinted at, mounted the Stanhope, in company with Mr. Weller, senior, who, after comfortably settling his coat-flaps, adjusting his cravat, and collecting the reins in due style, flourished the whip, and the horses rattled off at a smart pace.

The united weights of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Weller served to trim the vehicle admirably; and the smooth, rolling motion seemed to inspire an equally smooth current of thought, while it was favorable to the delivery of such ideas as presented themselves.

"A very good sermon," said Mr. Pickwick;

"very impressive in the manner of delivery, and full of proper rules and suggestions for persons entering upon the married state."

"Why — yes — your honor," slowly conceded Mr. Weller. "It was all werry vel, cordin' to the notions of folks in gineral; werry much arter the style of '*The Young Usband's Own Book*,' and that sort o' thing. But still, folks as had hexperence sometimes thinks that their own thoughts is more waluable to themselves than any book stuff. Cos vy? It sounds mighty vell; but 'taint never practical. Sammy always says, 'Give me practice, and not precept, as the starving doctor said to a friend as was advisin' him.'"

"I should really like to have some of your views on the subject," said Mr. Pickwick. "I have no doubt that they would prove highly instructive, and I am sorry that Samuel is not here to profit by them."

Mr. Weller gave a sly glance at his friend. The idea that Mr. Pickwick was beginning seriously to think of committing matrimony himself, flashed for a moment across his mind; but in the calm expression of Mr. Pickwick's countenance, he saw at once that he had no other desire than that of gleaning knowledge, wherever it could

be found; and, feeling much flattered at the compliment, promptly replied, —

“ My views,” says he, “ is short and comprehensive, and amounts to pretty much wot I told Sammy, the last thing afore he went to church. ‘Sammy,’ says I, ‘ as you are now henterin’ on a new road, one as proves smooth to some, and rough enough to the meajority; it wouldn’t be right for a old un, and like your fater, not to give you some hints how to steer. I sees, by your snickerin’, that you don’t think I’ve any great claims to dexterity in drivin’ on that road myself, and shouldn’t set up for a teacher of the art. But recollect, Sammy, that a man as has been vunce taken in, orlers remembers it, and awoids bein’ taken in the same vay : — consekens is, he knows how to teach others to awoid it. Now, Sammy, vot I have to say is — you bein’ married, all you have to do is, to make the best on it.’ ”

“ A plain and valuable truth, and clearly expressed,” interrupted Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Weller resumed, — “ ‘ It’s true of vimmen as osses, that they needs a tight rein. My difficulty has bin, that I’m by natur too complyin’. Awoid that weakness, Sammy, for it’s nat’rally in your blood, and try to be hobstinate. In that

vay, you'll make yourself respected and looked up to by your wife. Always contradict her in little things, Sammy: it lets her see that you think more of yourself than her; and venever she begins to cry, Sammy, to make you give in, — for all vimmen is up to that gammon, sooner or later, — then, on the werry fust symptoms, have ready a good, strong, leather strap, and lay it about her till she veeps in airnest. This is a werry good cure to fits of that kind, and I only vishes I had tried it myself, early. But the chief part of your duty, Sammy, is not toward yourself or your wife, but to the world in ginral. It is, to take care of your health, so as to live a good long life, and not die fust.

“ ‘ A man, Sammy, as dies before his wife, is of consekens guilty of a haynous offence to society and to her. He leaves a voman as might have bin a ornament to 'society, in a new character. She becomes a vidder, Sammy, and there's no tellin' how much mischief she von't do, as long as there's breath in her body. I'm so persvaded of the importance of this 'ere view, that venever I sees a man as loves his wife a lamentin' an' sorrowin' over her fallin' away, it seems to me unaccountable that he will shut his eyes to the consolin' fact, that she's as good

as insured against splitting on the rocks of vidderhood.

“ ‘Vidders, Sammy, has, from time ’memorial, had their names up for mischief, and an aggrawatin’ propensity to set up their own Ebenezers. They say that there’s not a line in the Bible that don’t teach some mortal truth. Now, jist take the story about the vidder and the unjust judge. Afore I was married to your mother-in-law, Sammy, I never thought much about that story. I thought, as I dessay many does, that it was written ’ginst lawyers and judges. P’raps it was, in part; but the ’sential pint is, to warn you against the insinivations of vidders. The last time I read it, it made such a impression on me, that I can say it all off by heart; and it goes this vay: — Now, listen unto vot said the unjust judge. “Thof I fear not God, nor care a damn for any man, yet owin’ to the aggrawatin’ cryin’ and hauntin’ of this vidder by day and by night, I’m determined to let her have her own vay.”

“ ‘In Ingy, Sammivel, (vere they has had the lights of hexperience for ages, bein’ as it is vun of the oldest settled places,) in Ingy, they contrives it so as never to have any vidders. They burns ’em alive, Sammy, reglar as their usbands

dies. I've no doubt that, in that country, men is healthier and better natur'd than here; it must foller as a nat'ral consekens.'"

When Mr. Weller had at length finished, Mr. Pickwick, after a thoughtful pause, observed —

"Some of your deductions are so bold, and contrary to most of our habits of thought, (prejudices they may be,) that I am hardly prepared to pronounce an opinion on them at present. One thing, however, I must say; and that is, that rarely, if ever, have I received such a succession of entirely new ideas, and better expressed; that is," added he, with some qualification, "more plainly spoken."

The reader will observe that we have been at some pains to give in full the peculiar views and sentiments which were entertained by the strong-minded though uneducated Mr. Weller. One further illustration remains to be given, and this chapter will be finished.

In Mr. Pickwick's library, a small, hot-pressed, quarto edition of a certain book, entitled "Hints to Married People," had remained quietly in its morocco binding and gilt edges for several years. On the morning after the above conversation, Mr. Pickwick handed it to Mr. Weller, senior, with the request that he would have it

read aloud, and favor him by making marginal notes of such thoughts as occurred to him.

In the course of a month, it was returned, and Mr. Pickwick had the pleasure of finding every chapter marked at the end in a strong, bold hand. One or two were thought by Mr. Weller to be worthy of the epithet "Good;" but nine out of ten were set down as "GAMMON."

THE MADONNA.

A TRANSLATED SKETCH.

BY NATHANIEL GREENE.

THE day had been sultry. Resolved to avail myself of the approach of evening to catch a breath of fresh air upon the sea-shore, I provided myself with a guide, and sallied from the gates of Syracuse. Before wandering far, I suddenly caught a view of the most interesting group my eyes had ever beheld. Upon a high, square pedestal, in a niche which on one side had suffered from time and the elements, a marble image of the Madonna stood before me. Countless creeping plants twined around the shrine; a gentle breeze played among the dark-green leaves which intercepted the last rays of the setting sun, and threw their tremulous shadows upon the pale marble face of the image. The dark clouds that were rolling up from Etna, were tinged with a golden purple; and before me lay the sea, quiet and unruffled as the blue heavens it reflected.

Mount Etna, the sun, the sea—what were they, compared with the maiden who knelt before the image of the Virgin, with her family, in prayer?—The fires of Etna flashed in her deep blue eye, and, as I afterwards learned, the commotion of the volcano was but too true an exponent of her troubled heart. Her mouth was slightly parted; she prayed. But, alas! the voluptuousness of earthly passion glowed upon her swelling lip. Convulsively she clasped her delicate and almost transparent hands, while irrepressible emotion was legible in her trembling frame. I saw at once that she was no common worshipper. Her humid eyes constantly wandered from the marble image, scanning the distance with such earnestness and power, that, had I stood upon the summit of Etna, or lain in the depths of the sea, that look would have drawn me irresistibly thence. It was but too evident that those eyes had lost some object which no Madonna could restore to their longing sight. Her fair mother, upon whose placid features sat the blessed light of inward peace, knelt by her side. The mother was teaching a little girl of about six years to pray, and pointing to a cross sculptured upon the square stone pedestal. In a cradle near

them lay a sweetly-smiling infant, with its innocent eyes directed toward the cross and the Madonna above it. There were also others, women and maidens, kneeling before the image; but I heeded them not — absorbed as I was in the contemplation of the strangely-expressive face of that praying girl.

"She, also, prays in vain!"

Shrinking with sudden terror, I gazed around. Had my guide spoken? "Did you say something, Geronimo?"

"Yes, my lord — I meant that prayer would never help the fair Marcella more."

I was silent.

"Old Etna has been a long time quiet. Pietro will soon rise again from the sea, and drag her with him under the waves."

These words, to me, were perfectly enigmatical. Etna — Pietro — I could not seize the connection. Geronimo perceived it.

"So you know not the story?"

"What story?"

"Of Pietro and Hermosa. Fifty years are now past and gone."

"What was it, Geronimo?"

"Pietro was the handsomest youth in Syracuse; Hermosa, the fairest of Marcella's family.

Pietro was poor; Hermosa, rich. Pietro loved Hermosa. So far it is a common story. They could not be united;—how natural! Hermosa must marry another.

“During a terrible eruption of Mount Etna, poor Pietro, here, from this place,—I know not exactly how,—threw himself into the sea. But he had no rest there: at times he comes again upon earth, in a form so fair and seductive, that the maiden who unfortunately beholds, must love him, and is irrevocably lost. On the evening before the wedding-day, Pietro sinks again beneath the waves, leaving his betrothed in despair. Hermosa was his first victim; the sea closed over her beauteous form. Eight days ago, Marcella’s betrothed lover disappeared. I am satisfied he was no other than Pietro, and that he will surely compel her to follow him. He usually does this during an eruption of Etna. She is the fourth maiden of whom Pietro has robbed her family. How sad it is to know her impending fate, and be unable to afford her succor!”

* * * * *

Six months afterwards, I found myself again in Syracuse. My first visit was to the Madonna’s shrine. The same family were kneeling

before it. Marcella's mother and sister were clad in deep mourning. Marcella was not there. The benignant face of the Madonna was now completely hid by the luxuriant vines. She hears and sees no more. The large cross was partially covered by the foliage, and seemed to have increased in size.

Old Geronimo wept while he related to me how the delicate form of Marcella became a prey to the fury of the waves.

I am not superstitious; but I could not look upon the little child in the cradle, upon the sea beneath, and Mount Etna above me, without a shudder.





J. Stewart.

L. Homan.

TO THE DREAMER.

SLEEP on! I would not break thy dream;
Fair lady, for its tale is sweet:
Sleep on! for soon its magic beam
Will fade, and tell the cheat.

Sleep on! for angel wings are o'er thee,
Strewing thy paths of thought with flowers;
And love, a moment, doth restore thee
To Eden's loveliest bowers.

Sleep on! for 'tis alone in this
O'er walls of Paradise we steal,
And seem to know the unmingled bliss
That innocence may feel.

Sleep on! for when, alas! we wake,
Expelled, we tread a world of care,
Where, if the rose of joy we take,
The thorn — the thorn is there.

THE MISER.

LIFE is a journey—death a darksome coast,
Where' we must enter, a soul-freighted bark,
And, all despoiled, resign each earthly boast,
Part from the shore, and cleave the ocean dark.

The Miser, torn reluctant from his gold,
A shivering pauper, o'er that sea is hurled.
He strove on earth, till heap on heap was told,
Yet went a bankrupt to the other world.

Not one heaven-current penny in his purse,
A bosom only stored with guilty care,
To grumbling heirs his wealth is left a curse,
Here lost in life and death, the *millionnaire*.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.*

PART I.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE IRISH NATION.

THE earliest pages of history relating to the northern portion of Europe, seem but the revelations of a half-remembered dream. A dim and distant pageant of barbarous nations pouring through savage forests, is presented to the view. In pausing to contemplate this living current, we are able to trace a progress from east to west, and amidst infinite variety, to mark the signs of a common origin. We can perceive that these tribes gather like bees along the fertile valleys of the Danube, the Rhine, and the Rhone; yet that, ever moving, and ever extending themselves to the north and west, they finally overspread the largest portion of Europe.

* This article was originally prepared at the request of the committee of the "Franklin Lectures," in Boston, and delivered before that association at the "Temple." It was subsequently enlarged, and delivered on several occasions, as two lectures. It is now given to the readers of the Token without material alteration.

So much is portrayed, in rude and shadowy outline, by the opening pages of history, but no more. If, urged by impatient curiosity, we penetrate deeper into the mystery of the past, every trace of light vanishes from the scene, and we grope about in total obscurity. Like the dreamer who strives to seize upon the startled and flitting ghosts of his vision, we only meet with disappointment, and are left to that vain and vexatious regret which attends the loss of the substance, in the effort to grasp the shadow.

Turning back from this unavailing pursuit, and treading the defined paths of history, we are able to assure ourselves that, about two thousand years before the Christian era, various tribes of Asiatics, under the general name of Celts, had already begun to people Europe. By a process similar to that in which our own western country is now settling, the march of emigration continued till the middle and northern portions of the continent were peopled.

While these events were in progress, the maritime or southern portion of Europe — that which lies along the Mediterranean — was becoming settled by emigrants from the commercial cities and states of Asia and Africa. Thus Europe was filling up by two great streams of

emigration, the one occupying Greece, Italy, and Spain ; the other spreading over Germany, France, Britain, and the more northern portions of Europe. Along the line of separation, between these rival streams, the settlers often met, and, wrestling for a time, either parted or were at last mingled in one common mass.

The founders of Greece and Rome brought with them the germs of civilization. Their descendants settled down in cities, cultivated letters, and kept written records. From these enough has been transmitted to give us a general idea of their early history. But it was not so with the more northern settlers of Europe. The Celts were a roving race, half warrior and half husbandman. They all brought with them some of the Tartar characteristics. They built few towns, but like our Daniel Boone, of Kentucky, seemed always to fly from the approach of civilization into the yet untrodden forest. Among such a people, there were no historians. Nations came and vanished, leaving not a trace behind. Numerous as the very leaves of the forest, and almost as transient, like these they sank to their unwritten graves. Beneath this shroud the first settlers of Europe sleep ; nor can human magic evoke them from their dread re-

pose. And yet, with little pretence to sorcery, I propose to introduce to you a nation of Celts — living and breathing men, speaking at this very hour the language of those remote and shadowy tribes which flourished four thousand years ago.

There is nothing more remarkable in the history of the human family, than the pertinacity with which certain races of men preserve their identity from age to age, — seeming to set at defiance all those circumstances which sweep others into oblivion, or subject them to the trampling hoof of innovation and change. We find a familiar instance of this in the Jews. Their history presents the most remarkable series of vicissitudes that has ever attended the fate of a nation; yet to this day they maintain the same physical traits, the same moral characteristics, as in the remotest period to which the records of the past can carry us. Though they are now swept out of their native land, and scattered like autumn leaves over the world, yet, whether in one hemisphere or another, we find them always possessing the same strong lineaments, and bearing the impress of the same solemn remembrances. And this is said of a people living apart in a thousand fragments, and, while mingling in daily intercourse with others,

still maintaining themselves as a distinct and peculiar people. Like the Gulf-stream — a river in the midst of the ocean — bending from the tropics to the frozen zone, and after sweeping the borders of two continents, circling back to the point where it began, — so the Jews, in the midst of other nations, hold on their way — a current that time cannot check, that vicissitudes cannot change.

We may draw another illustration of our position from the *Gypsies*. These are evidently the fragments of a great nation, wrecked so far up the stream of time that we cannot distinctly trace its story. But wherever you find them, whether in Spain, Hungary, Bohemia, Britain, or even in Persia, they are essentially the same vagrant "hard-faring race," always appearing to bear in their minds the same dark and mystical superstitions. And these, too, in the midst of other nations, still hold themselves apart. Like oil in immediate contact with water, refusing all admixture and still preserving its identity, the Gypsies continue from age to age to defy alike the common elements of destruction and mutation.

If we turn to Europe, where shall we find the example of a nation thus perpetuating itself in

spite of all resistance; thus marching down in solid column from the remote and misty precincts of antiquity to our own day, and bringing with them the thoughts, feelings, and customs of their shadowy forefathers? If we look to Greece, we may perhaps find the semblance of the fickle Athenian; but where shall we discover the representative of the stern, self-sacrificing Spartan? If we go to Italy, shall we find in the soft devotee of dalliance and song the lineal descendant of those haughty worshippers of the god of war, that once shook the earth with their martial deeds, and at last embraced the civilized world in their gigantic grasp? Where is the race of Britons that boldly confronted, and almost baffled, the Roman victor of a hundred fields? Where are those ancient Gauls, that resisted for nine campaigns the greatest warrior of antiquity, with the Roman legions at his back? Where, in all the north, — in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, — are to be found the representatives of those wild and warlike rovers of the main, that claimed the title of sea-kings, and achieved deeds worthy of their name? Over all these nations the enchanter's wand has passed, and a change has come o'er the spirit of their dream. Their languages have passed away, or

are only found as ingredients mingling in the compound of other tongues. Most of the original tribes have been winnowed out like chaff, and others inherit their dominions.

Yet there is one nation in Europe that retains, nearly in its purity, the language of its original inhabitants; that consists of the lineal descendants of the first settlers of its soil, and retains to this very hour traces of the thoughts, feelings, manners, and customs, that are known to have existed in the country three thousand years ago. And where is this nation to be found? Look upon the map, and you will see that the portion of Europe which lies nearest to our own country, consists of a small island, scarcely equal in extent to the state of Maine, yet possessing a population of eight millions of inhabitants. This is Ireland; and here history discloses to us a remarkable instance of that self-perpetuation to which I have alluded. The neighboring island of Britain, which has held Ireland in bondage for many centuries, has not only lost its original language, but almost every trace of its original inhabitants has long been swept away. Ireland, on the contrary, has sturdily maintained its ancient Celtic tongue; and, though it has been, at different times, overrun by other nations, the

Celtic stock has ever held the ascendancy, and wrought off from age to age all foreign intermixtures, thus returning to its original purity.

There is something in this circumstance well calculated to excite curiosity, and invite investigation. The study of Ireland therefore might seem to be a subject of intrinsic interest. But to us, Americans, there are many reasons why this theme should engage our attention. From whatever causes it may proceed, the fact is indisputable that Ireland is an unhappy country. Not one person in a hundred there is the proprietor of the land from which his sustenance is drawn, or of the roof beneath which he finds a shelter. In that little island, thousands of people lie down every night, not knowing how they may obtain the bread of to-morrow. Our happier country is the asylum to which multitudes of those are flying, who can find the means of leaving their home of poverty and distress. They are wafted to our shores by every breeze that sweeps the Atlantic. They are found by thousands in our larger cities. They penetrate the interior, and spreading themselves over the whole extent of our vast territory, are mingling largely in our population. They are deserving of notice, therefore, not only on account of their

numbers, but from the consideration that in a country abounding in all the means of sustenance, they become the progenitors of a vastly increasing population. Their weight, therefore, in the scale of society, immediately and prospectively, is not inconsiderable; and, whether we look to their own happiness, or their influence upon our institutions, they may fairly claim the careful attention of every intelligent American citizen. I propose, therefore, to present to your consideration a few hints, which I could wish might lead to thorough investigation of Ireland and the Irish people.

Before we proceed further, it may be well to fix distinctly in our minds a picture of the country which we propose to discuss, as it now exists. I have already said, that the extent of Ireland is hardly equal to that of Maine, while its population amounts to eight millions. Its length is three hundred miles; its average width one hundred. It abounds in small rivers and lakes, and is indented by numerous bays and harbors. The climate is exceedingly mild and equable for its latitude, and the soil is more fertile by nature than the adjacent island of Britain. Its turfy bogs are a remarkable feature of the country, occupying a very considerable portion of its

surface. Dublin, the metropolis, has about two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is a city presenting the extremes of opulence and poverty. Some of its streets seem like ranges of palaces, while its suburbs exhibit hundreds of hovels swarming with men, women, and children, in a state of want, raggedness, and degradation, of which nothing but the spectacle itself can furnish an adequate idea.

Nearly the whole soil of Ireland belongs to a comparatively few proprietors, most of whom live out of the country, and every six months, in taking away their rents, sweep the land of its wealth. To aid in this system of impoverishment and depletion, hundreds of the clergy belonging to the established English church, receive large salaries wrung from the people in the shape of tithes.

A very large portion of the people of Ireland are laborers, living day by day upon the immediate produce of their toil. Millions are reduced to a perpetual experiment to discover the least possible quantity of food, shelter, and clothing, consistent with a preservation of the spark of life. In attempting to solve this nice and critical problem, thousands die annually, for the want of the necessaries of existence.

Such is the state of Ireland at the present day; and such, in the main, has it been for a century. Let us now glance at its early history. We must begin by remarking that few subjects have given rise to more bitter controversy than this. While, on the one hand, absurd pretences to antiquity and ancient civilization have been set up, on the other, indisputable facts and legitimate inferences have been denied, till the field of history is narrowed down to a barren point. Rejecting extremes, that, on the one hand, reveal to us long races of kings and princes reaching back to the flood, and, on the other, even deny that such a person as St. Patrick ever existed, we choose the middle course. We may at least start with a proposition universally admitted, which is, that the first inhabitants of Ireland were derived from the same stock that supplied Spain, Britain, and Gaul, with their original population. Their language, and the numerous monuments that yet remain of that superstition which the first tribes that poured from Asia into Europe carried with them wherever they went, sufficiently attest the Celtic origin of the Irish people.

It appears that the Phœnicians, who were the Yankees of the early ages, had carried their

commerce beyond the Pillars of Hercules, or the Straits of Gibraltar, as early as the time of Solomon. It was a part of their policy to keep the sources of their wealth secret; but, even in the time of Homer, a glimmering notion of the Atlantic, and the islands that studded the borders of the continent, had been imparted to the Greeks. The poet caught up and embellished the tales of the Phœnician voyagers, and placed in these islands the abodes of the pious and the Elysian fields of the blest. Hence all those popular traditions, among the Greeks, of the Fortunate Islands, the Hesperides, and the Isle of Calypso — “creations called up in these unpathed waters,” and adopted into the poetry of the Greeks, before any clear notion of the reality had reached them. In the *Argonautics*, a poem written five hundred years before the Christian era, Ireland is mentioned without any reference to Britain. About two centuries after, the two islands are mentioned by a Greek writer, under their old Celtic names of Albion and Ierne. It was not till about this period, that the Greeks made voyages to the British islands, though the Phœnicians had traded to them for many centuries, and carried thence large quantities of tin; from which circumstance they were

called the *Tin Isles*. That they had a factory there, for the working of tin at a very early date, is generally conceded.

It appears from the poems of Avienus, who, in the fourth century, had access to some Punic records in one of the temples of Carthage, that a Carthaginian, named Milcho, made an expedition to Ireland about three hundred and fifty years before Christ, and on his return gave a particular account of the country. In this he speaks of the commerce carried on by the Carthaginian colonists at Gades, now Cadiz, with the Tin Isles, and remarks that the husbandmen of Carthage, as well as her common people, were accustomed to visit them. It is to be remarked that he speaks more particularly of Ireland than of Britain. He describes the hide-covered boats, or *curracks*, in which the inhabitants of the islands navigated their seas; of the populousness of the isle of the Hyberni, and the turfy nature of its soil.

By collecting such scattered testimonials as these, from ancient writers, though we can by no means adopt the fanciful theories of certain Irish historians, we may conclude, that, while the first population consisted of Celts, the Phœnicians had established colonies in the island, or at least had commercial intercourse

with the people, several centuries before the Christian era, and that the Phœnician priests had introduced their religious rites and ceremonies into the country. This view of an early connection with Eastern countries, and the early infusion of Eastern manners and customs among the people, appears to be sanctioned by the traditions of Ireland herself, by numerous monuments, the names of her promontories, and her old usages and rites, all bearing indelibly the same Oriental stamp.

While some of the religious rites of the ancient Irish seem to have been of Celtic origin, and while some are traceable to the Phœnicians, there are others still, which are referable to the Persians, with whom the Phœnicians are known to have had frequent intercourse. All these several superstitions appear to have been mixed up in the ancient Irish worship. Thus the sun, moon, fire, and water, were objects of adoration. The veneration of particular groves and trees was common, as well as the worship of stones and fountains. They had sacred hills, or tumuli, for sacrifice. The round towers, of which there are now about fifty, and which form a remarkable and peculiar feature of Irish antiquities, are supposed to have been connected with

fire worship, and may perhaps have been used for preserving the sacred fire. The *cromlechs*, of which there are still many vestiges, appear to have been places of sepulture. All these remains, scattered over Ireland, bear testimony to the high antiquity of the Irish people, and their intimacy with Eastern nations at a very early period.

Of the Druidism of Ireland, it may be remarked that it differed considerably from that of Britain and Gaul; and it has been conjectured that Ireland may have been the country whence this ancient superstition was transmitted to the neighboring countries of Europe. It has been deemed probable that it was, in fact, compounded from the several heathen rites that were brought together in that island. However this may be, there are still to be found in different parts of Ireland, among the manners, customs, and opinions of the people, the traces of all the various ancient superstitions to which we have alluded. These seem to cling to the people with unyielding pertinacity, and even engraft themselves, down to the present day, upon the rites and ceremonies of the Christian religion.

Thus far we have drawn our proofs of the antiquity of the Irish nation from the scattered

records of ancient Greek and Roman writers, and from the indisputable testimony of monuments, language, and manners. These afford, indeed, but glimpses of the nation in remote ages: while they assure us of a few leading facts, they still leave us in ignorance or doubt as to details, save such as can be supplied by legitimate inference.

The next sources of Irish history are to be found in the legends of the bards and the records of the annalists. The first of these portray to us, in shadowy but poetic outline, the brilliant deeds and barbaric glory of kings and heroes even more ancient than Romulus or Remus. However rich as sources of poetic inspiration to the Irish harper these may have been in former times, and however they may still linger as fond realities in the fancy of the modern Hibernian, still their extravagance and obscurity must exclude them from cautious and sober history.

The Irish annals are worthy of higher consideration, and, after much controversy, have been permitted to take their rank among authentic historical documents. The annals of Tigernach are reputed to be most worthy of credit. This annalist admits that the records

of Ireland are fabulous or uncertain, previous to the reign of Kimboath, two centuries before the Christian era. From that time, a regular succession of princes, down to a comparatively modern date, is furnished. Other events are also recorded, throwing some light upon the state of the country, and showing, at a very early period, a progress in civilization beyond most of the Celtic or Teutonic nations, which, like Ireland, borrowed no light from Roman civilization.

In respect to the confidence to be reposed in the Irish annals, it may be proper to make a few observations. It appears to have been among the most solemn of the customs observed in Ireland, even in the earliest times, to keep in each of the provinces, as well as the seat of the monarchical government, a public Psalter or register, in which all passing transactions of interest were noted down. This, like all the other ancient observances, continued to be retained after the introduction of Christianity. To the great monasteries all over the country fell the task of watching over and continuing these records. It is from the materials thus transmitted, that the Irish annals, to which I have referred, were made out, about the period of the twelfth century.

The precision with which the annalists have recorded events, and the general truth of these records when they speak of definite facts, is susceptible of strong confirmation. They state, for instance, that about the tenth hour of the third of May, 664, an eclipse of the sun occurred. Now, it is obvious that nothing but an observation of the fact could have enabled the annalist to make this record; for, even down to a late date, the knowledge of astronomy was so imperfect, that the precise hour of an eclipse so long passed could not have been determined. The Venerable Bede attempted to calculate the period of the same eclipse, and, led astray by his ignorance of a yet undetected error of the Dionysian cycle, by which the equations of the sun and moon were affected, declared that the annalist was mistaken. This circumstance, for a time, threw great distrust upon these records; but, at length, a more perfect knowledge of his science has enabled the astronomer to calculate past eclipses with certainty; and it is now found, by such calculations, that, during the year, the day, and the hour stated by the annalist, an eclipse of the sun actually occurred.

In addition to this evidence, I need but quote one authority, which will be sufficient to satisfy

every mind, in relation to these annals. "The chronicles of Ireland," says Sir James Mackintosh, "written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidences of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of many of their legends by this authentic publication, are yet by it enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses in its present spoken language. They have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of literature, in its present spoken language, which goes back within several centuries of the beginning of these chronicles."

It is my purpose, hereafter, to give an outline of the early authentic history of Ireland. I have yet been speaking only of that portion of it which precedes even the beginning of what has been regarded as the regular commencement of Irish history. But I wish now to present distinctly to the notice of the reader the antiquity of the Irish nation, in connection with another fact,—that the Irish people are, at the

present day, a nation of Celts, and use as their mother tongue the language of those most ancient of all European settlers. I present to your consideration the circumstance, that here in this little island, and here alone, is a sample of that mighty outpouring of nations, which first broke across the Uralian Mountains nearly four thousand years ago, and continued for ages, like successive eruptions of volcanic lava, to overspread the north of Europe. I present to your consideration the fact, that, at the present day, you see in the Irish, as it were, a colony of those ancient Celts, transferred from antiquity into our immediate presence, with the same blood beating in their veins, with the same physical characteristics, and speaking essentially the same language, as those who existed even before the time of Solomon.

I know not how it may strike others, but to me this subject is full of interest. How is it to be accounted for, that, of all the numberless millions that must have passed from Asia into Europe, under the general name of Celts, every where but in Ireland they should have been supplanted by other tribes, their national existence obliterated, and their language forever blotted out? Can this problem be solved by the

geographical position of Ireland, by the course of political events, or by any or all of those circumstances which are commonly supposed to control the destiny of nations? These, doubtless, have had their influence; but I believe it would be impossible to solve the query I have suggested, but upon the supposition of a native vigor of character in the Irish, as well physical as moral, which perpetuates itself from age to age, resisting and overcoming the crumbling influences of time and change. And if this be true, does it not imply something of greatness in the native Irish stock; something distinct, peculiar, and worthy of our respect, in the Irish people? It may be chimerical, but I confess that, for myself, I cannot look upon even the rudest specimen of these people that we see among us, but as associated with these views. Ignorant and unlettered they certainly are; superstitious and degraded they may be; but I can never bring myself to look upon them either with indifference or contempt. I must ever regard them as allied to the memory of ancient days; as bringing antiquity, living and breathing, into our presence; and, above all, however shadowed by the degradation which is entailed by slavery, as

possessing, in common with their nation, the inherent elements of greatness.

The vanity of nations, as well as of individuals, leads them to set up pretences to high antiquity of origin. Thus the Chaldeans traced back their history for a space of four hundred and seventy thousand years; and the Egyptians were scarcely less moderate in their claims. It is a good evidence of the credulity which this species of pride inspires, that the faith of the latter people in their fabulous chronology was not disturbed by a chasm of eleven thousand three hundred and forty years, which occurs between two of their kings, Menes and Sethon.

If the bardic historians of Ireland have been a little less extravagant in their pretences, it is because their stories were fabricated at a later date, and after the Bible had been introduced among them. They therefore commence their story but a few weeks before the flood, when, agreeably to their legends, Cesara, a niece of Noah, arrived with a colony of antediluvians upon the Irish coast. These were, at different times, followed by other bands; and, in the fourth century after the flood, Ireland was invaded and taken possession of by Partholen, a descendant of Japhet.

After holding the country for three hundred years, the race of Partholen was swept away by a plague; and, in the time of Jacob, another colony, led by Nemedius, took possession of the country. The wars that these settlers waged with the Fomorians, an African tribe of sea-rovers, form one of the favorite themes of the ancient Irish muse.

The next, and, in number, the third of these colonies, were Belgians, and known under the name of Fir-Bolgs; these subjected the country to the yoke of regal authority, and divided it into five kingdoms—a form of government which existed till the twelfth century of the Christian era. The dynasty of the Fir-Bolgs was, however, soon disturbed by the Tuatha de Danaan—a people famed for necromancy which they had learned in Greece. Aided by the Stone of Destiny, the Sorcerer's Spear, and the Magic Caldron, which they obtained in Denmark and Norway, and led by Nuad of the Silver Hand, the Danaans landed upon the island under cover of a mist, and penetrated into the country before they were discovered. The alarmed inhabitants retreated before them into Connaught, when at Moytura, on the borders of Lake Masg, that bloody conflict took place,

which is called the Battle of the Field of the Tower, and which was long a favorite theme of Irish song. Having driven their opposers to the Isle of Man, North Aran, and the Hebrides, the victorious Danaans became sole masters of the country. But they in turn were dispossessed of their sway by the Scotie or Milesian colony, which through so long a series of ages furnished Ireland with her kings.

This celebrated colony, though coming directly from Spain, was originally, we are told, of the Scythic race; and its various migrations and adventures before reaching its "Isle of Destiny" in the west, are detailed by the bards, with all that fond and lingering minuteness, in which fancy, playing with its own creations, so much delights to indulge. Grafting upon this Scythic colony the traditional traces and stories of their country respecting the Phœnicians, they have contrived to collect together, without much regard to either chronology, history, or geography, every circumstance that could tend to dignify and add lustre to such an event — an event upon which not only the rank of their country itself, in the heraldry of nations, depended, but in which every individual, entitled by his Milesian blood to lay claim to a share in so glorious

a pedigree, was imagined to be interested. In order more completely to identify the ancestors of these Scythic colonists with the Phœnicians, the bards relate that by one of them, named Fenius, to whom the invention of the Ogham character is attributed, an academy for languages was instituted upon the Plain of Shi-naar, in which that purest dialect of the Irish, called the Bearla Feini, was cultivated.

From thence, tracing this chosen race in their migrations to different countries, and connecting them, by marriage or friendship, during their long sojourn in Egypt, with most of the heroes of Scripture history, the bards conduct them at length, by a route not very intelligible, to Spain. There, by their valor and enterprise, they succeed in liberating the country from its Gothic invaders, and, in a short time, make themselves masters of the whole kingdom. Still haunted, however, in the midst of their glory, by the remembrance of a prophecy which had declared that "an island in the Western Sea was to be their ultimate place of rest," the two sons of their great leader, Milesius, at length fitted out a grand martial expedition, and set sail, in thirty ships, from the coast of Galicia, for Ireland. According to

the bardic chronology, thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, but according to Nennius Aengus and others, near five centuries later, this "lettered and martial colony arrived, under the command of the sons of Milesius, on the Irish coasts; and, having effected a landing at Inbher Sceine, the present Bantry Bay — on Thursday, the first of May, A. M. 2934, achieved that great and memorable victory over the Tuatha de Danaan, which secured to themselves and their princely descendants, for more than two thousand years, the supreme dominion over all Ireland."

Such is a very brief outline of the early history of Ireland, as furnished by the bards. It would, perhaps, be equally unwise wholly to adopt or reject their story. It is as probable that there is some foundation, in reality, for most of these events, as it is that the Grecian tales of Hercules and Theseus had their origin in truth. But it is impossible to separate the fabulous from the historical; and we are therefore compelled to leave the subject in one of those happy mists, in which antiquarians may continue to fight their bloodless battles.

Although the Milesian colony is embraced in the bardic fables, it seems properly to come

within the scope of veritable history. We do not, indeed, adopt even the chronology of the sanguine Irish historians of modern date. Dr. O'Connor, who has bestowed vast learning upon the subject, considers Kimboath the fifty-sixth king of the Milesian line, and carries his reign back to a period at least two centuries before Christ.

Leaving the date as a matter of entire uncertainty, we may proceed to some details respecting the Scotie or Milesian dynasty. It seems that the tribe came to Ireland under the two sons of Milesius, Heber and Heremon. They divided the country between them, constituting their brother Amergin, arch bard, or presiding minister, over the departments of law, poetry, and religion.

The two kings Heber and Heremon soon quarrelled for the possession of a beautiful valley, and Heber was slain, his brother now becoming sole sovereign of the island. Passing over the immediate successors of Heremon, we may notice Tighernmas, who was miraculously destroyed, with a vast multitude around him, for offering sacrifice to the idol Crom Cruach. Achy, his successor, passed an edict, regulating the exact colors of the gar-

ments the different classes of people should wear. Ollam Foodhla, the royal sage, as he is called, instituted the triennial convention at Tara, in which there seemed an approach to representative government, the leading persons of the three orders, the king, the Druids or priests, and the plebeians, being convened for the making such laws as the public good required. In the presence of these assemblies, the events to be entered on the public Psalter or record, kept at Tara, were examined and prepared.

The space between Ollam Foodhla and Hugony the Great, the royal builder of the famous palace of Emania, is filled up by the bards with thirty-two kings, all of whom died by violence except three. In the reign of Conary the Great, which coincides with the beginning of the Christian era, the young hero Cuchullin was slain in the full flush of his glorious career. With the fame of this Irish warrior most readers have been made acquainted, by the poems of Macpherson, attributed to Ossian. Tuathal the Acceptable, after having been compelled to fly his kingdom, was restored about the year 130, and introduced various improvements in the laws and institutions of the country. Feidlim the Legis-

lator, and Con of the Hundred Battles, intervened between Tuathal and Cormac Ulfadha, who is said to have founded three academies at Tara, to have revised the Psalter from the time of Ollam Foodhla, and, having lost an eye in repelling an attack upon his palace, resigned his crown, in obedience to a law which excluded any one marked with a personal blemish from the throne. Having retired to a thatched cabin, at Kells, this king devoted himself to the writing of books, one of which, "*The Advice to a King*," was said to be extant in the seventeenth century.

A long space now occurs, in which there is little of interest. Succeeding to the usurper Colla, Nial of the Nine Hostages made a formidable invasion of Britain, in the fourth century, and afterwards extended his enterprises to the coast of Gaul, where he was assassinated by one of his followers, with a poisoned arrow. It was in the course of this expedition that the soldiers of Nial carried off a youth destined to work a great revolution in Ireland.

Such, from the period of Kimboath, is the semi-authentic history of Ireland, based upon the annalists, catching, however, an occasional ray of light from the bardic legends. If it

cannot be set down as entirely worthy of our confidence, we may at least rest in the belief that, in its general outline, and doubtless in its prominent characters, it affords a general representation of truth.

Succeeding to Nial of the Nine Hostages, Dathy, the last of the pagan kings of Ireland, like his predecessor, ravaged the coast of Gaul, and, making his way to the foot of the Alps, was there slain by a flash of lightning. Leogaire, who reigned at the time of St. Patrick's mission, was killed by the sun and wind, for violating an oath.

The authentic history of Ireland properly begins with St. Patrick, in the fifth century. The name of this Christian apostle has been so often connected with incredible tales and miraculous legends, that it is apt to excite ridicule in the minds of many persons. But an examination of his true history will lead every fair-minded individual to a very different estimate of his character. St. Patrick appears to have been a native of Boulogne, in France, and to have been born about the year 387 A. D. In his sixteenth year, he was made captive, as before intimated, in a marauding expedition, conducted by Nial of the Nine

Hostages. Being carried to Ireland, he was sold as a slave to a man named Milcho, living in what is now called the county of Antrim. The occupation assigned him was the tending of sheep. His lonely rambles over the mountain and the forest are described by himself as having been devoted to constant prayer, to thought, and to the nursing of those deep devotional feelings, which, even at that time, he felt strongly stirring within him. At length, after six years of servitude, the desire of escaping from bondage arose in his heart. "A voice in his dreams," he says, "told him that he was soon to go to his own country, and that a ship was ready to convey him thither." Accordingly, in the seventh year of his slavery, he betook himself to flight, and, making his way to the south-western coast of Ireland, was there received on board a merchant vessel, which after a voyage of three days landed him on the coast of Gaul. He now returned to his parents, and, after spending some time with them, devoted himself to study in the celebrated monastery of St. Martin at Tours. During this period, it would appear that his mind still dwelt with fond recollection upon Ireland; for he had a remarkable dream, which, in those superstitious ages,

was regarded by him as a vision from Heaven. In this he seemed to receive innumerable letters from Ireland, in one of which was written, "The voice of the Irish." In these natural workings of a warm and pious imagination, so unlike the prodigies and miracles with which most of the legends of his life abound, we see what a hold the remembrance of Ireland had taken of his youthful fancy, and how fondly he already contemplated some holy work in her service.

Having left the seminary at Tours, he spent several years in travelling, study, and meditation; but at length, being constituted a bishop, and having, at his own request, been appointed by the see of Rome to that service, he proceeded on his long-contemplated mission to Ireland.

Let us pause a moment to consider the state of Ireland at this period, that we may duly estimate the task which lay before this apostle, and which we shall find he gloriously accomplished. The neighboring island of Britain, it will be remembered, was still under the Roman yoke; but, as before remarked, no Roman soldier had ventured to cross the narrow channel between Britain and Ireland and set his foot upon

Irish soil. To Ireland, then, Rome had imparted none of her civilization. The country was in fact in a state of barbarism; the government was the same as that which had been handed down for centuries, and which continued for ages after. The country was divided into five principal kingdoms, whose chiefs acknowledged a nominal allegiance to one chief sovereign who was monarch of the realm. But there were still a great number of petty chiefs, also claiming the title of kings, and often setting up for independence, or disputing the authority of their accustomed masters. The wrangles between these rival powers were savage and incessant; and the people were therefore embroiled in almost constant war. Among the rapid succession of princes, history tells us of but few that did not die by violence. In some of the dynasties, whole centuries pass, affording but a ghastly record of murdering and murdered chiefs. In such a state of things, it is obvious that there could be little progress in the arts of peace, or in that culture which proceeds from the diffusion of intellectual light. A knowledge of letters, indeed, is said to have existed in the country, and there was, no doubt, much mystical lore among the Druidical priesthood, who, at this

dark period of society, appear to have led both prince and people, as their cheated and deluded captives, whithersoever they pleased. The dominion, indeed, of these artful priests over the mind of the nation seems to have been absolute, and they exerted it with unsparing rigor. The whole people were subjected to an oppressive routine of rites and ceremonies, among which the sacrifice of human victims—men, women, and children—was common. The details of these shocking superstitions are indeed too frightful to be repeated here. It is sufficient to say that the mission of St. Patrick contemplated the conversion of a nation, wedded to these unholy rites, to the pure and peaceful doctrines of the gospel. He came alone, armed with no earthly power, arrayed in no visible pomp, to overturn the cherished dynasty of ages; to beat down a formidable priesthood; to slay the many-headed monster, prejudice; to draw aside the thick cloud which overspread a nation, and permit the light of Heaven to shine upon it.

There was something in the very conception of this noble enterprise which marks St. Patrick as endowed with the true spirit of an apostle. We cannot follow him through the details of his mission. It is sufficient to say

that, exercising no power but persuasion, and using no weapon but truth, he proceeded from place to place, reasoning with the people, combating the Druid, and preaching to the prince. It was on one of these occasions that he is said to have illustrated the doctrine of the Trinity, by stooping to the ground, and plucking a branch of trefoil, or three-leaved clover — maintaining that the three leaves upon one stem, displayed, in nature, a trinity combined with unity, which might fitly represent the Triune Deity, whom he preached. Thus, by his zeal and address, in the brief space of thirty years, St. Patrick introduced Christianity into every province in the land, and that without one drop of bloodshed. Every where the frowning altars of the Druids fell before him; the superstitious prince did homage to the cross, and the proud priest of the sun bent his knee to the true God. Christianity was thus introduced and spread over Ireland without violence, and by the agency of a single individual.

Such appear to be the true character and history of St. Patrick, divested of the marvels and miracles with which superstition has embellished them. Such at least is the view

taken by the Irish historian;* and such is the image pictured in the faith or fancy of the Irish people. And where is there a brighter page in history than this? Where is there a life more ennobled by lofty purposes, more illustrious from its glorious results, than this of St. Patrick? Surely, such an individual is no proper theme for ridicule or contempt. If we Americans do homage to the memory of Washington, who aided in delivering our country from tyranny, the Irishman may as justly hold dear the cherished recollections of him who redeemed his country from paganism. Aside from the immediate benefits which St. Patrick secured to Ireland, he has left to all mankind the heritage of a glorious truth—which is, that in contending with human power, human passions and human depravity, the minister of Jesus Christ needs no other weapon than truth, enforced by holy example. He has left us an imperishable lesson of wisdom—that moral suasion can overturn the dominion of ignorance and prejudice which might forever hold the sword at bay.

* This is substantially the account given of St. Patrick by Thomas Moore, in his History of Ireland.

We now resume the thread of Irish history, which, instead of the meagre list of kings, with the records of their barbarous deeds, from the time of St. Patrick presents a series of very different events. The scene is indeed changed, and illustrious saints of both sexes pass in review before our eyes; the cowl and the veil now eclipse the glory of the regal crown; and, instead of the festive halls of Tara and Emania, the lonely cell of the fasting penitent becomes the scene of fame. But, while monasteries were building, and missionaries were sent forth to Christianize various countries, few events of political importance took place for a long series of years. At the beginning of the sixth century, Christianity had become almost universal throughout Ireland; and before its close her church could boast of a considerable number of persons, whose fame for sanctity and learning has since been cherished throughout a large part of the Christian world.

As I shall have occasion, in discussing the literature of Ireland, to notice the events of this period, I pass over a large space, barren of political interest, and come to the period when the country was first invaded by those hosts of sea robbers, who passed under the general name of

Danes. But, in order to understand the causes of their success, it may be proper to glance at the state of the country. The division of Ireland into five kingdoms had existed from the earliest ages. Meath, constituting one of them, was at the same time the seat of the chief monarch. The power of the latter was gradually extended by encroachments upon the other sovereignties. The mode of succession was generally hereditary, though in some cases it had been elective. There were, however, no settled boundaries to authority, or even to territory; for they fluctuated according to the power or ambition of the various kings. In the struggles which took place, the kingdom of Munster gradually became the most powerful of the pentarchy, and even set up a rival authority against the chief monarch of the realm.

It was at this period, 795, when the country was distracted by the division between contending dynasties, that the Danes began their invasions of Ireland. The name of the monarch who filled the Irish throne at this period, was Aedus or Aedan, during whose long reign the piratical incursions of the Northmen increased in frequency. The Irish nation being unable to present a firm front of opposition to their inva-

ders, the Danes soon obtained possession of some parts of the island, and here they maintained themselves for two hundred years.

I cannot go into the details of these events. Though they abound in bold and bloody deeds, there is little to interest, to instruct, or amuse. We pass over the story of the romantic hero Lodbrog; the cruelties and oppressions of the Norwegian ruler Turgesius, presenting one dark picture of plunder, massacre, and devastation; the successive invasions of the country; the establishment of the Danes in several portions of the island, and the unnumbered miseries inflicted upon the people.

At length Brien Borohm came to the throne of Munster, which, as before intimated, had risen to a pitch of power rivalling that of the supreme throne. By gradual encroachments, Brien enlarged his authority, and at last usurped the sceptre of Ireland. With the whole power of the country thus concentrated, he gave battle to the Danes, 1014, on the field of Clontarf. Being eighty years of age, he was unable to join in the fight, and, remaining in his tent, was killed by the infuriated Danes during the engagement; but his army was completely suc-

cessful, and the defeated Northmen were soon after finally expelled from the country.

Ireland was, however, an exhausted and desolated land, and only exchanged one oppressor for another. Dermot Macmurrough, the factious and turbulent king of Leinster, having excited the anger of Roderick O'Conner, the monarch of Ireland, was driven from his kingdom and the country. He fled to England, and besought the aid of Henry II. This monarch, being engaged in foreign wars, declined personal interference, but gave authority for any of his subjects to aid Dermot. Richard Strongbow, earl of Pembroke, availed himself of this permission, and made a descent upon Ireland, with twelve hundred men, in 1170. His success led Henry II. to invade the country in 1172, with five hundred knights and four thousand soldiers. He met with little opposition, and the Irish tamely submitted, even Roderick thinking it best to acknowledge Henry's authority. After remaining in the country about five months, Henry returned to England, having gained little but the empty title of king of Ireland.

From the period at which we have now arrived, the history of Ireland is familiar to most readers.

Reserving, therefore, a few historical sketches, as illustrations of the Irish character, I shall not now inflict upon you even an outline of modern Irish history. It is a painful record of power selfishly exercised over a suffering people for centuries, with hardly the redeeming process of civilization. After all that Ireland has suffered, England has left few traces of her dominion, except the settled jealousy of the people and the heaped-up memory of unnumbered wrongs.

It is my purpose, hereafter, to discuss the Irish character — a subject of great fertility, and one that will afford more amusement than these dry details of history. But it seems that the ground over which we have passed is not wholly destitute of instruction, even as a means of understanding the Irish people. They are certainly marked with more decided peculiarities than any other nation in Europe. In comparison with them, how bald is the character of the Scotch, French, Spanish, or Dutch! Each of these may be the personification of a single national trait; but the idea of an Irishman at once suggests courage, humanity, cheerfulness, hospitality, wit, and, perhaps, that species of blunder called a *bull*; and all these traits of character are often seen struggling through the

shadows of unlettered rusticity, poverty, and destitution.

It is doubtless true, as has been frequently affirmed, that national character is formed by circumstances; and among those which exert a controlling influence are climate and government. But there appear to be original, constitutional traits, which long resist even the force of these. It is easy to discern, in the inhabitants of the different counties of England, differences, not of language only, but of complexion, thought, feeling, and character, which are evidently traceable to original differences in the tribes from which they are descended.

To the original Celtic constitution of the Irish we may therefore attribute much of their distinctive character. That they have been cut off by their insular condition from easy and frequent intercourse with other nations; that they escaped the overwhelming dominion of Rome; that, while they have been the subjects of foreign dominion, they have still cherished a lively feeling of nationality, — are facts which both prove and explain the descent of their leading national characteristics from high antiquity.

It might seem that language would be one of the frailest of monuments; but it is more endu-

ring than castles, temples, pyramids, or obelisks. These moulder, and their inscriptions mingle with the dust ; while words spoken from generation to generation, are handed down, thus descending through long ages, and, in this instance, from the Celtic barbarian to the living sons of Erin. Nor do words descend as mere barren sounds, for they carry thoughts, feelings, and customs, with them. The provision which we see in nature for the perpetuation and distribution of plants, finds a parallel in the process by which ideas are preserved and disseminated. We see that, from the humble grasses to the monarch oak of the forest, each plant has some shell, or pod, or folded leaf, by which the seed is sheltered from the blast, and where it is brought to maturity ; and we find that the winds and birds distribute these over distant fields, till the whole region is sown. There may be here and there a sullen desert which rejects the gift ; but these are few and far between. The proffered boon is generally received and cherished by the soil, till, in the words of the rhymers,

“ No spot on earth
The furrowing ploughman finds, but there
The rank and ready weeds have birth,
Sown by the winds to mock his care.”

It is so with human thoughts and feelings. Language is the great instrument by which these are perpetuated and disseminated. Words, phrases, fables, allegories, proverbs, are equivalent to the shells, and pods, and capsules, of the vegetable kingdom; and these transmit ideas from generation to generation, from dynasty to dynasty, from age to age.

Poetry becomes the depository of great events, and, like the winds which bear the winged seeds from field to field, from season to season, wafts down the memory of heroic deeds, and the creations of genius, to after times. Nor is it indispensable to this process that a written literature should exist, or be diffused among the people; for tradition has a conservative power, which resists decay, and brushes away the gathering dust of oblivion.

The Irish nation has been peculiarly influenced by this process of moral and intellectual smination. Roman conquest, which ploughed up all the rest of Europe, sowing it with Roman civilization, left Ireland to the wild luxuriance of her original condition. Nor did Christianity effectually change the soil, or its products, but rather grafted new ideas upon the old stock, thus producing a new and peculiar fruit.

The isolated position of Ireland, with the pugnacity of the people, not only secured the country from Roman invasion, but, after the introduction of Christianity, for a time protected it from the hordes of barbarians which overran other countries. In its sheltered position, it became the retreat of monastic learning and piety, in that dark age, when the sun of heaven seemed withdrawn from the rest of Europe. During this, and at a still later period, the national bardic literature was cultivated and spread amongst the people. The annals of the nation were also collected and transcribed, thus being fitted for transmission to after times.

There are two other circumstances which are to be duly considered, in tracing the Irish national character to its sources. Though Ireland has been nominally conquered by the English, it has never been thoroughly subdued. The Irish mind is still independent, and, deeply indignant at the oppressions of British dominion, erects itself in sturdy defiance to British laws, customs, and opinions. Two thirds of the Irish nation, to this very day, reject the religion, civilization, and government of England, in their hearts, and cling with undying pride to their national in-

dividuality. They cannot endure the idea of being quenched and forgotten in the supremacy of another people. Every where the traveller in Ireland finds a spirit of self-sustentation, which is often not a little amusing, when we compare the boastful assumption with the truth. A single proverb illustrates the whole matter. "An English hen cannot lay a fresh egg," saith the Hibernian adage.

If, then, we consider the Irish people as a nation, who, according to her accredited annals, links her name with antiquity; whose line of descent has not been crossed for ages; whose popular legends, carrying with them the popular faith, connect the generations of to-day with heroes of the olden time; whose minds have been the recipients of ideas, opinions, customs, and superstitions, transmitted from ages reaching back to the very cradle of the human family; whose hearts are full of the treasured memory of national wrongs; and whose Christianity, strongly woven into the popular faith, is still blent with something of Oriental paganism—we shall see sufficient causes for a peculiar national character. If education be the formation of character, and if circumstances are the instruments of edu-

cation, we can see in the history of the Irish nation, at least in part, the sources of the tenacious pride, the poetic temperament, the rich, mosaic imagination, the quick feeling, the intense nationality of the Irish people.

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

PART II.

TRAITS OF IRISH CHARACTER.

WE have taken a brief survey of Ireland, from the earliest times to the present day. We have seen that her story reaches back to that dim and distant period, when the world seemed waking from the night of chaos, and history is but its troubled dream. We have wandered through the bardic legends, where substantial realities are hardly to be distinguished from the thin and shadowy creations of fancy; we have traced the Irish history down to a later date, and heard the bloody story of her pagan kings; we have seen the nation converted, as by magic, from Druidical superstition to the Christian faith; and we have seen Ireland, so long the battleground of wrestling kings and chiefs, become the chosen abode of piety and scholarship. At the very time that darkness brooded over the rest of Europe and the nightmare of ignorance sat long and heavy upon the bosom of humanity, we

have seen her shine with prismatic light and lustre. We have seen this glory fade and a long eclipse cast its shadows over the land; we have seen unnumbered miseries inflicted by the marauding Danes; and we have seen Irish independence set beneath the dark horizon of Britain's dominion.

Thus tracing the outline of the history of Ireland for two thousand years, we have seen her share in the common lot of human vicissitude; we have seen her also the victim of oppression — the sport of kings and ministers, who cared as little for her sufferings, as does the hawk for the struggles and palpitations of its prey. Yet, through all these changes, we have seen that the Irish people have never been thoroughly conquered; that they trace back their unbroken line of descent to the first settlers of Europe; and that the generation of to-day are the lineal descendants of the ancient Celtic fathers, retaining the language and many of the thoughts, customs, and feelings, of their antique ancestry. From a history so peculiar, so distinct from that of any other European nation, we have attempted to deduce the sources of some of those national traits which mark the Irish people. It is the discussion and il-

lustration of these that now claim our attention.

Among the conspicuous traits of Irish character, we may remark their *tendency to adhere to old customs*. There is more or less reverence for the past in all countries. It is the tendency of human nature, wherever it may be found, to fall into the beaten path, and follow it out. "Custom," says Lord Bacon, "is the principal magistrate of man's life." But there is something in the tenacity with which the Irish hold on to the thoughts, opinions, and usages, of past ages, which appears to surpass any thing of the kind to be found among other European nations. This is strikingly illustrated by an adherence to their political system for more than a thousand years, although experience had demonstrated that system to be destructive of the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the nation.

This national trait is also displayed in the numerous relics of ancient superstitions which are still preserved by the people, although the systems upon which they are founded have been swept away for almost fifteen hundred years. I have already remarked that many of the prevalent customs of Ireland, at the present day, many of the thoughts, feelings, and observances,

of the people, are evidently the cherished fragments of paganism, saved from the wreck of Persian fire-worship, Carthaginian idolatry, or Druidical superstition. It would exceed our present limits to go into a detailed examination of these ; it is perhaps only necessary to remark, that the perpetuation of the ancient Celtic tongue among the Irish is not more plain and palpable, than the preservation of ideas and sentiments as ancient as that language itself.

It is easy to perceive the conservative tendency of this national characteristic in the Irish ; and we may readily believe that it has had its share of influence in saving the people from that waste and disintegration which the shock of ages brings upon mankind. The direct operation of this adherence to old customs is to unite the people by a strong bond of common sympathy.

Such a community will rally as one man to drive out a foreign people who may come with new customs to overturn the old ones. A slight examination of Irish history will show that facts have abundantly proved the truth of this theory. No foreign people have ever flourished in Ireland. The Carthaginian colonists were successively melted down and mingled in the mass of the nation. The Danes, though

they occupied certain portions of the country for more than two hundred years, being of too stubborn a stock to become assimilated with those among whom they dwelt, and over whom they exercised at least partial dominion, were the unceasing objects of hostility, and at last were expelled from a country which they could not subdue. England bowed to the iron sway of the Danes, and was only delivered from it by calling in foreign aid; but Ireland never yielded to their dominion, and by her own arm at last freed herself from these ruthless oppressors.

It is now almost seven hundred years since Ireland was conquered by an English king; but, for at least five centuries after that conquest, the dominion of England over Ireland was little more than nominal. From the time of Strongbow's invasion to the period of Elizabeth, though Ireland was regarded as an appendage to the British crown, two thirds of the Irish people held themselves, both in theory and practice, almost wholly independent of foreign control. And even down to the present day, there is a perpetual struggle on the part of the nation to heave off the giant that has thrown her down. After seven hundred years of either nominal or real dominion, England has been unable to Anglicize

Ireland. Not only is the government still resisted by the Irish people, but, as before remarked, the religion, the customs, the opinions, and feelings of England, are obstinately kept at bay by a large part of the nation.

Among numerous illustrations of this, the following is furnished by Miss Edgeworth. She tells us of a wealthy young nobleman, who built a neat cottage, with all the modern comforts and conveniences, for an old Irish woman. On going to the place a few weeks after she had taken possession, he found that she had converted it, as far as possible, into an Irish hovel. Even the fireplace was disregarded, and a fire was built in the middle of the brick floor, the smoke, of course, circulating through the room. The old woman explained this by insisting that she was so accustomed to smoke, she could not live without it.

It may be said, and with much justice, that this sturdy adherence to old customs partakes of obstinacy and prejudice, and that it may be among the causes of that tardy march of improvement, which may be remarked in Ireland. It will also serve to explain, in some degree, the fact, notorious to most of us, that an Irishman seldom knows how to do more than one thing

well, and that he is wholly deficient in that versatility which enables the Yankee to turn his hand successfully to whatever may chance to offer.

But if a portion of the Irish people miss the true end of existence by adhering to old customs, permit me to suggest the caution that we do not rashly run into the opposite extreme. In a country like ours, having no antiquity and opening boundless fields of enterprise to all, we are apt to think only of the future, and, in our eagerness to lead in the race, to forget those more than golden treasures which consist of memories and sentiments and usages. The truth is, man is not made wholly for action, but partly for contemplation. He is placed between two glorious mirrors—anticipation and retrospection—the one beckoning him forward, the other reflecting light upon the path he should follow, and casting a cool and wholesome shade over his passions. It is a departure from the just balance of his nature, to dash either of these in pieces. Whoever limits his existence to “that fleeting strip of sunlight, which we call *now*,” reduces himself, like the ticking clock, to a mere measure of passing seconds. He who lives only in the future, never pausing to look back and take counsel of the past,

never bending his gaze over the world of retrospection, softened with the mist and moonlight of memory, — lives the life of the restless settler of the far West, who never stops to secure or enjoy what has been won from the wilderness, but still pushes on and on, for scenes of new excitement and new adventure. A wise man, and a wise people, will use the past as the prophet of the future, and make both of these subservient to the interests of each passing moment. The children of Israel would not stay in Egypt, but, in going to the land of promise, they took the bones of the patriarch Joseph with them. In pressing forward in the march of improvement, let us, in like manner, bear along with us the experience, the wisdom, the virtue, and the religion, of our fathers.

But, while we admit that the Irish carry their observance of old customs to the length of obstinacy, it is proper to notice one remarkable exception afforded by their history. I mean the introduction and establishment of Christianity in Ireland by St. Patrick. The history of this event I have already detailed; and you have seen that even the pertinacity of superstition yielded in Ireland to the voice of truth, assuming the mild and gentle accents of persuasion —

a fact that suggests the proper course of action to all who attempt to exert an influence over the Irish people.

Among the characteristics usually assigned to the Irish, is that of *pugnacity*. It has been said, that while the Englishman fights for the supremacy of the sea, the Frenchman for glory, the German for his prince, and the Swiss for pay and rations, the son of Erin fights for fun. Even the Irish song seems to lend countenance to this popular notion; for it speaks of knocking down a friend from mere affection.

It is not a little curious that the names of places in Ireland coincide with this attribute of the people. Ireland—the land of ire—is the designation of the country; and Killgobbin, Killkenny, Killmacthomas, Inniskilling, Killmany, Killmore, and a thousand others of like import, are the names of towns. Knockmeledown, Knockmalloch, Knockmore, is the established nomenclature for hills. Every hill, indeed, is a *knock*, and every church a *kill*. The rhyme says,

“Who killed Killdare? Who dared Killdare to kill?”

“I killed Killdare, and dare kill whom I will.”

The frequent recurrence of names of places

beginning with *kill* might indeed seem alarming to a stranger in Ireland, especially if he be under the influence of those prejudices which have been excited against that country. The following mistake occurred when some of the English militia regiments were in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798. A soldier, a native of Devonshire, who was stationed at an outpost, stopped a countryman, and demanded who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going. The fellow replied, "And my name, my dear honey, is Tullyhog; and, d'ye see, I am just been to Killmany and am going to Killmore." Upon this, the sentinel immediately seized him, expecting to receive a high reward for having apprehended a most sanguinary rebel, just come from murder, and going to a fresh banquet of blood.

But there is graver authority for this view of Hibernian character. The first glimpses of Irish history present us with the spectacle of a nation almost constantly engaged in civil war. The division of the country into a number of petty kingdoms would tend to breed dissension, even among a people disposed to peace; but in a nation prompt to act and slow to reflect, it was sure to result in constant scenes of battle

and bloodshed. The appetite of the people, therefore, for strife, became strengthened by the successive practice of ages, until, at last, a state of internal war seemed to be the natural condition of the Irish people. This characteristic of the nation seems to have descended even to our more pacific times, though it is greatly mitigated.

But, in thus stating and illustrating the pugnacity of the Irish, we must remark that it is of a very peculiar kind. It seems to have no malice or ferocity in it; for the broken head of to-day leaves no soreness at the heart to-morrow. It is, in truth, but a species of chivalry resulting from high animal spirits, and an excessive appreciation of courage, excited and perpetuated, perhaps, by the deeds of their heroes as set forth by the bards. A few instances will illustrate this character. An Irishman, having had a large fortune suddenly devolved upon him, determined to make the grand tour of Europe. After passing through France and Italy, and part of Spain, with scarcely any emotions of delight, he entered a village in the latter country, where he saw a mob fighting desperately; upon which, in a moment, he sprung out of his carriage, and, without inquiring into the

cause of the battle, or ascertaining which side he ought in justice to espouse, he laid about him with his shilala, and after having had several of his teeth knocked out, he returned to his carriage, and exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, it is the only bit of fun I have had since I left Ireland!"

We have among us a story of an Irishman, who was employed by a farmer of New Hampshire. He was, on one occasion, about going to a fair, then annually held at the town of Derry, when the farmer attempted to dissuade him. "You always come back from the fair, Pat," said the farmer, "with a broken head; now stay at home, and I will give you five dollars." "And do you think, sir," said Patrick, "I'd take five dollars for the *bating* I'd get?"

There is no nation on whom the gift of *natural courage* is more largely bestowed than on the Irish. In the common people, it too often displays itself in noisy brawls; but in the disciplined soldier, it rises to the loftiest pitch of intrepid gallantry.

In battle, on shore and at sea, the Irish soldier and sailor have been remarkable for their valor, steadiness, and subordination. As far back as Spenser's time, the bravery of the

Irish soldier was honorably mentioned. That happy genius says, "I have heard some great warriors say, that in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than an Irishman, nor that cometh on more bravely to his charge."

The instances of Irish intrepidity are numerous and striking. There is an affecting story of this sort, connected with the famous battle of Clontarf. In this engagement, many of the Irish princes joined their forces to those of Brian Borohm. This hoary monarch being eighty years of age, and unable personally to engage in the conflict, remained in his tent during the battle. Toward the close of the engagement, a few of the infuriated Danes broke in upon the unprotected chief, and regardless of his gray hairs and helpless condition, took his life. But the Irish were completely victorious and the death of Brian was deeply avenged. The battle being over, the Irish chieftains set out for their several dominions. One of these, the leader of a gallant band, who had shared largely in the perils, as well as the triumphs of the fight, was marching on, bearing the sick and wounded carefully toward their homes. They came, at length, to the territory of another chief which

they desired to cross. There they were met by an army who refused permission to enter their district, but upon the payment of tribute. This was stoutly refused; and although the soldiers from the field of Clontarf were worn out with fatigue, crippled with losses, and encumbered by their sick and wounded, they still determined upon battle, rather than submission to a demand which they considered at any time unjust, and on the present occasion, in the highest degree dastardly. Even the sick and wounded, under these circumstances, seemed to be inspired with the spirit of battle, and insisted upon taking their share in the conflict which was about to ensue. Accordingly, at their request, stakes were driven in the ground, along the front of the line where the onset was expected, and to each of these, one of the sick or wounded soldiers was firmly tied, in an erect posture, his sword and battle-axe being placed in his hands. Thus prepared, the little army awaited the battle, which now seemed at hand. The inhospitable prince led on his troops, and was about to give orders for the attack, when seeing in the little army that opposed him the sick and wounded tied to their posts, he was so smitten with admiration at this display of self-

devotion, that he withdrew his forces, and allowed the army to proceed unmolested on its march.

As connected with the courage of the Irish, it is proper to notice that *improvident restlessness*, which is a conspicuous characteristic of the people, particularly under the restraint of foreign dominion. Even during those periods in which they were only subject to their legitimate princes, and whose authority they seemed to approve, the Irish still were in a state of almost perpetual agitation. In more modern times, and since the cords of the English dominion have been drawn more tightly, this nervous excitability of the nation has even increased. Since the reign of Henry VIII., Ireland has presented an almost constant series of convulsions, insurrections, or rebellions. For these, indeed, there may have been ample provocation in the wicked injustice of their oppressors. The whole course of British policy toward Ireland, for three hundred years, appears to have been calculated to alienate the feelings of the people from their rulers, and rouse all their prejudices and passions against England and the English. The first of these impolitic acts was adopted in 1536. A parliament was then assembled, which formally

proceeded to annul the papal power, and to declare Henry VIII. of England the supreme head on earth of the church in Ireland. Every person who refused to take the oath of supremacy was declared guilty of high treason. But to resist these usurpations, confederacies were formed all over the kingdom; and it was not till the year 1551, that the English liturgy was performed in the Irish churches. But in spite of all the coercive measures of the English government, the bulk of the nation steadily adhered to their ancient faith, and the cause of religion became the cause of the nation. The attempts to force the people to renounce a faith which they had received from St. Patrick, and to adopt a new system of religion with an English ritual, naturally became blended with the national prejudices against English oppression, and coöperated to produce the famous insurrection of Tyrone.

The conduct of James I. estranged the affection of the Irish; and during the reign of Charles I. another rebellion broke out, which deluged the country with blood. Cromwell undertook to crush out the restive spirit of the nation by the trampling heel of military power. His cruelties toward the people are almost incredible. During his sway, twenty thousand Irish-

men were sold as slaves, and forty thousand entered into foreign service to escape from tyranny at home.

The distracted state of this unhappy kingdom in 1688 can hardly be described. It was then the theatre of one of the fiercest civil wars that ever raged in any country. The Catholics declared for James, and the Protestants for William, prince of Orange. The battle of the Boyne, on the first of July, 1690, decided the fate of James, who fled to France. William acceded to the British throne; and heavy indeed were the punishments inflicted on the Catholics, who had taken part with the now defeated and exiled Stuart. The number of Irish subjects outlawed on this occasion amounted to nearly four hundred thousand, and their lands confiscated were more than a million and a half of acres.

In 1798, the injured Irish, deprived of the enjoyment of their dearest rights, and condemned to political disabilities on account of professing the Catholic religion, once more rebelled. This event was within the memory of many who are still living; and we have seen in our own time one distinguished leader of that rebellion, having escaped from the pur-

suit of tyranny, seeking a home, and at last a resting-place, on our American shores. I speak of the late Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York. After the failure of their schemes, he and his associates were taken, tried, and condemned. Some were executed, and some transported; but he was himself permitted to escape from prison, by the jailer, and it is supposed by the connivance of the British government. After many vicissitudes, he came to this country, and engaged in the profession of the law. His great learning, his powerful intellect, and his masterly eloquence, soon raised him to the highest honors of his profession. His mind was indeed haunted with recollections of his country and his home, and sometimes these bitter memories would find utterance. But in general, he displayed a character of great gentleness and generosity; and becoming an American citizen, he adopted the customs and feelings of our country. He died in 1827.

Robert Emmet, the brother of this distinguished individual, was concerned in the rebellion of 1803, but his fate was more melancholy. He was a lawyer; young, ardent, and full of talent. Greatly beloved for his virtues, and intensely admired for his genius, he became

a leader among the conspirators. With the rest he was detected, seized, and brought to trial. Before his judge he defended himself, with admirable dignity, eloquence, and power. Knowing that his fate was sealed, he sought not to save his life, but only to shelter his name and fame from after infamy. "Though you, my lord," said he, "sit there a judge, and I stand here a culprit, yet you are but a man, and I am another. I have a right, therefore, to vindicate my character and motives from the aspersions of calumny; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in rescuing my name and my memory from the afflicting imputation of having been a traitor to my native land."

He then proceeded with a stirring appeal to his countrymen, and finally closed his defence in the following words: "My lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is finished. The fresh grave will be soon ready to receive me, and I shall sink into its bosom. All I request at parting from the world is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man, who knows my motives, dare defend them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and

my tomb remain undescribed, till other times and other men can do justice to my character."

Such was the lofty and intrepid bearing of Robert Emmet, then but twenty-four years old, in the hopeless hour of condemnation. But this could not save him; and he perished on the scaffold. The circumstances which attended his fate, however, entered into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy which dictated his execution. "But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days, and fairer fortunes, Emmet had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of the celebrated Curran. She loved him with the fervor of a woman's first and only love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, — she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. Exiled from home by a father's stern decree, and haunted by the memory of her lover's dishonored grave; with nothing to soothe the pang of separation, nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like dews to revive the parched bosom in the hour of anguish, — she gradually wasted away, and died the victim of a

broken heart." Her melancholy story has found a chronicler in Irving, and Emmet himself is beautifully mourned by the poet Moore, who thus alludes to his last request—"the charity of the world's silence."

"O breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade,
Where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

"But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

Such is the pathetic story of Robert Emmet; and thus the generous beatings of a noble heart for his country's freedom were silenced forever. Alas for poor Ireland that patriotism in her children should be a crime for which the gallows only can atone!

I have thus noticed some of the rebellions of Ireland; and though they may have been justified by the oppression of her despotic masters, yet in most of these cases, and particularly in the last, there was an improvidence, which, as it insured failure, almost cancelled the patriotism displayed by those who were ready to put life

and property at risk for the sake of liberty. But beside rebellions, there have been many lesser disturbances: agitation is, indeed, but the common condition of Ireland. A large part of the people are miserable, and it is not strange that whoever will come to them with promises of improvement, should obtain ready listeners and obedient followers. How easy to stir up a wretched people, by reviving the memory of by-gone wrongs, and appealing to present sufferings! How strong the argument of revenge to the injured, and of relief to the oppressed! It is not wonderful that such a man as O'Connell — even though selfish and unprincipled, as some contend he is — should be able to lead the suffering Irish at his will. He is at least a man of extraordinary talent, and so long as his interest and that of Ireland may coincide, so long at least he will be her champion. He may, indeed, be the occasion of lasting good to his country. He is, as I have said, a man of extraordinary talent. We have seen him, in the British commons, successfully breasting attacks which would have overborne any other than a man of dauntless intrepidity and gigantic power. Such a man, with Ireland at his back, is no mean champion. He puts his shoulder to the edifice of Irish affairs, as did

Samson to the pillars of the Philistine temple, and, shaking the tottering mass, says to the British ministry, "Grant me what I ask, or I will bring down the whole fabric upon your heads!" Something has been already granted to Ireland, in O'Connell's day. The Catholic disabilities are removed, and the church tithes will ere long be mitigated or surrendered. Whether absenteeism, the greatest curse of Ireland, will cease, is a more doubtful question.

Beside the attachment of the Irish to old customs, their acknowledged pugnacity, and that improvident restlessness, which helps them rather to get into troubles than out of them, — common fame assigns to them another peculiar and striking characteristic; I mean a *laughable confusion of ideas*, which is expressed by the word *bull*, a term derived from the Dutch, and signifying a blunder. Whether the Irish are more addicted than others to this species of mental *faux pas*, there cannot be a doubt that much of what is attributed to them is imaginary, and, so far as it might seem to imply any intellectual imperfection, the mere invention of ill-natured prejudice. A person in using another language than his own frequently makes mistakes. A Frenchman, once, speaking to Dr.

Johnson, and intending to pay him a compliment by alluding to the Rambler, which at that time was the theme of universal admiration, addressed him as *Monsieur Vagabond*, the word *vagabond*, in French, being synonymous with *rambler*. An Italian gentleman, in speaking to an American lady, and intending to say that she had grown somewhat fleshy, since he had seen her, said, "Madam, you have gained very much beef since I saw you!" Such mistakes as these are often made by foreigners; but good taste dictates that they should be passed over without remark, or in that polite manner in which a Frenchman is said to have noticed a blunder of Dr. Moore's. "I am afraid," said the doctor, "that the word I have used is not French." "No," said the Frenchman, "it is not; but it deserves to be."

Such is the tolerance we extend to the blunders of foreigners speaking a language with which they are imperfectly acquainted, unless, forsooth, they chance to be Hibernians. In that case, the rule is reversed, of course. A poor Irishman, once being called upon to testify in an English court, was suddenly asked by the judge, "Who and what are you?" Pat was fresh from Ballymony, and his knowledge of

English was limited; but he did the best he could. "Plase your honor," said he, "I am a poor widow!" meaning widower. Now this mistake was no worse than we hear from others in similar circumstances; but considering that the blunder was from an Irishman, who would esteem himself restrained from laughter, by any polite regard to the man's feelings, or fail to discover in this instance an unquestionable specimen of the genuine Irish bull?

If a large portion of imputed Irish bulls are thus mere common-place blunders, such as all foreigners are liable to make in speaking any other than their native tongue, there is a still larger portion that are attributed to the Irish, which may claim a different paternity. Many of our common proverbs, to which we have given a local habitation and a name, are in fact borrowed from other countries. "You carry coals to Newcastle," might seem to claim John Bull for its father; but the sentiment had existed for ages before John Bull himself was born. "You carry oil to a city of olives," is a Hebrew proverb that has been in use for three thousand years; and "You carry pepper to Hindostan," is an Eastern adage of perhaps as great antiquity. The fact is nearly the same in regard to many

of the pithy sayings, smart jokes, and witty repartees, which are in common use among us, and are imputed to well-known individuals. A large part of Joe Miller's jokes, pretending to have originated with Englishmen, are told in France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Persia, and perchance China, and in like manner descend from generation to generation, being successively attributed to such characters as they may suit. Some scandalous story being told of Dr. Bellamy, a person asked him if it were true. "No," said the doctor; "some fellow invented it, and laid it to me; but the rascal knew me." It is this suitableness of an anecdote to an individual, that often gives it much additional point. The discreet story-teller, therefore, always seeks to find some hero to whom he may impute his tale, in the hope that he may give to it this adventitious zest. An American was once telling some anecdote of Ethan Allen, of Vermont, to a German, remarking, by the way, that it must be true, for his grandfather was present, and witnessed the fact. "It is a good story, certainly," said the German, "but I have heard the same told of my great grandfather, Baron Von Hottingen, ever since I was a boy."

This incident throws a great deal of light upon our subject. Let one acquire a repu-

tation for any particular thing, and every anecdote from the time of Confucius down to the present day, that may seem to be illustrative of the qualities of this individual, is told of him. Thus it is that Ethan Allen is the hero of many wild adventures that he never achieved, and the witty Lord Norbury is credited for many a good joke that he never uttered. There is nothing like starting with a character beforehand, even though it may be the outright invention of ignorant prejudice. It is to this circumstance that the New England Yankee is indebted for the credit, among our Southern brethren, of inventing wooden nutmegs, oak-leaf segars, horses with false tails, and all other ingenious modes of cheating in trade. It is to this circumstance that the Irish are credited for every ludicrous blunder, to whomsoever it may properly belong.

If the Irish were disposed to retaliate, it would be easy to find the means; for it was an English, not an Irish, orator, who said, in the house of commons, that the proposed tax on leather would be an insupportable burden to the *barefooted* peasantry of Ireland. It was an English poet who says,

“A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a *naked* Pict his grandsire won.”

It was a French philosopher, M. Jourville, who, being prepared to observe an eclipse of the sun, at which the king was to be present, said to M. Cassini, "Shall we not wait for the king before we begin the eclipse?" It was a French gentleman who, hearing a lady exclaim against the inhumanity of Buffon in dissecting his own cousin, remarked, "But, my dear madam, the man who was dissected was dead!" It was also a Frenchman who, being asked by a young man for his only daughter in marriage, exclaimed, "No, sir, if I had fifty *only* daughters, I would not give you one of them!" *

* We can find bulls in higher company than this. Pope, in his translation of Homer, speaking of an eagle and her young, says,

"Eight callow infants filled the mossy nest,
Herself the ninth."

Dryden sings,

"A horrid *silence* first invades the ear."

Thomson also sings,

"He saw her charming, but he saw *not half*
The charms her downcast modesty *concealed*."

But the *prize bull* belongs to Milton, who, in his *Paradise Lost*, says,

"Adam, the goodliest man of men *since* born
His sons; the fairest of *her daughters*, Eve."

Such are a few samples of genuine bulls of other than Irish origin; but what story-teller, bringing them to market, and wishing to get for them the highest price, — a hearty laugh, — would fail of attributing them to the Irish?

There is another class of what are called Irish bulls, which appear to me to be specimens of wit rather than of blunder. There was once an Irish sailor by the name of Larry, who sailed for many years on board a little packet that plied between New Haven and New York. She was commanded by Captain B*****, who, I am sorry to say, was very profane. On a certain occasion, Larry was summoned before the Supreme Court of Connecticut as a witness. When he was called upon the stand, a doubt arose whether this Irish Catholic understood the nature of an oath. At length the judge made the inquiry of Larry, who replied as follows: — “Is it the nathur of an oath ye’d like to know? If your honor ’d sailed with Captain Ben B***** for six years, on board the Polly packet, as I have done, ye’d not be after asking that question.” An Irish woman lately applied for the place of cook, to a lady of Boston. When the terms were agreed upon, the lady asked to whom she could apply for the woman’s character; to which she replied, “O,

my chracter? and you wish to have my chracter? Well, I'm thinking nobody can give it to ye so well as myself." These and a multitude of other instances, which are set down as blunders, approaching to bulls, show any thing but confusion of ideas. They spring from a shrewd wit, veiled beneath the mask of simplicity.

But while we would thus maintain that a large share of the blunders attributed to the Irish do not belong to them; that bulls, and good ones too, are often committed by those in whom we can trace no Hibernian blood; and that many of those which are actually traceable to Irish origin are still only such mistakes as might be expected from an imperfect knowledge of our language,—still it must be admitted that a certain confusion of speech, or transposition of ideas, is common to the Irish people. A part of even this, however, arises from the inconsiderate haste with which they speak. An Irishman was once reading a newspaper, during the twenty years' war. He began a paragraph as follows:—"The French have taken *umbrage*——." He did not stop to finish the sentence, but exclaimed, "The rascals! it's the first British port they have got yet!" Pat's loquacity often leads him into mistakes. It is better, in his philosophy, to blunder than be

silent. Some people were once speaking of the *Sphinx*. "Who's that?" said an Irishman present. "It's a monster, man," said the person addressed. "A Munster man?" said the other; "I thought he must be from *Connaught*, for I think I have heard of the family there!" The Irish generally speak as they act, upon the first impulse. They begin to express a thought the moment it strikes them, and often before they fully understand it. "Look ere you leap," is a proverb which they reverse in practice. "Think twice and speak once," they also follow by the rule of contrary. Their mind is a mirror, and the ready tongue freely discloses all the figures, either confused or distinct, that may pass before it.

To our list of shadows assigned to the portrait of the Irish character, it is our duty to notice one more. The Irish are accused of being *faithless to their trusts*; and we, who have frequent occasion to deal with them, often imagine that we see displays of this national characteristic. It may, indeed, be true that a long-continued state of servitude and oppression has degraded some of the Irish. When, indeed, was the slave high-minded, heroic, or pure? The weight of the fetter may, at last, wither away the

very nerve of virtue. The air of the dungeon may become stamped upon the features. The perpetual presence of tyranny must teach the perpetual subterfuges of deceit. If this process has brought these consequences upon the Irish, the same has happened in Greece. The living descendants of Lycurgus and Leonidas have shown themselves corrupt, profligate, unsteady to their obligations, treacherous in the council and the field. But history furnishes both explanation and apology. The same may be said in extenuation of this frailty of the lower Irish. Faithlessness is, however, an adventitious attribute, and is seldom exercised but toward those whom they consider as adversaries. Fidelity to each other is, in fact, a conspicuous trait in the Irish character. In the several rebellions which have taken place, instances have occurred in which individuals have gone to the gibbet rather than betray their associates.

Among the mountains of Wicklow, Dwyer, a celebrated rebel chieftain, contrived to elude the pursuits of justice for a period almost unexampled. The remuneration offered by the government for the discovery of this daring chief, who so long hovered near the capital, after his followers had been routed and reduced, was very

great, and presented a temptation to betray, which in another country would scarcely have been resisted ; but wherever he avowed himself, and claimed the protection of hospitality, his person was held sacred ; and, in the midst of rags and penury, a bribe which would have secured independence to the betrayer, was rejected with scorn.

In Waller's time, the secrecy and fidelity of the Irish, in all their engagements, were remarkable ; that poet, when the *Sophy* appeared, said of the author, that " he broke out like the Irish rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody expected it." In no country in the world is treachery held more in detestation than in Ireland ; because in no region can be found a higher spirit of frankness and generosity. Upon the door of every cabin might be justly inscribed,

" Mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous."

" The lower orders," says a traveller in Ireland, " will occasionally lie, and so will the lower orders of any other country, unless they are instructed better ; and so should we all, had we not been corrected in our childhood for

doing it. It has been asserted that the low Irish are addicted to pilfering; I met with no instance of it personally. An intelligent friend of mine, one of the largest linen manufacturers in the north of Ireland, in whose house there is seldom less than twelve or fifteen hundred pounds in cash, surrounded with two or three hundred poor peasants, retires at night to his bed without bolting a door or fastening a window.

“During Lady Cathcart’s imprisonment in her own house in Ireland, for twenty years, by the orders of her husband, — an affair which made a great noise some years since, — her ladyship wished to remove some remarkably fine and valuable diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, out of the house; but, having no friend or servant whom she could trust, she spoke to a beggar woman who used to come to the house, from the window of the room in which she was confined. The woman promised to take care of the jewels, and Lady Cathcart accordingly threw the parcel containing them to her out of the window. The poor mendicant conveyed them to the person to whom they were addressed; and when Lady Cathcart recovered her liberty, some years afterwards, her diamonds were safely restored to her.”

But let us now turn from these drawbacks in the Irish character, to the consideration of more grateful traits. Who, for instance, has not been struck with the natural *eloquence* of these people? We need not go to Grattan, Curran, or Burke, for specimens of this gift of genius. The rudest Irish laborer among us seems to be endowed with it. If an Irishman really sets about persuading you of a thing, he seldom fails of his object, unless, indeed, it be to prove that black is white. It is curious to see how an Irishman can embellish the most naked idea, and amplify the commonest topic. There is a picture of a beggar, belonging to the Athenæum of Boston, painted by an artist of New York. It is the portrait of an Irishman, who presented himself one day at the artist's door, and begged for alms. "Walk in," said the painter, "and tell me your name." "My name, sir," said the beggar, "is Patrick McGruger, and it's true what I tell ye." "But," said the artist, "why don't you go to work, instead of begging about the streets in this fashion?" "Why don't I go to work, your honor? and is it that ye'd like to know? When ye're threescore years and ten, like myself, ye'll be more ready to answer such a question, than to ask it." "Well, well, my good fellow,"

said the artist, "you can at least sit down and let me paint your portrait." "Is it my handsome portrait you're wanting? and do you wish me to sit down there and let you paint it? Faith, that's a thing I can do, though I was not brought up to it. The time has been, your honor, when Patrick McGruger could do better than sit for the portrait of a beggar. But I must do what I may; for these old limbs ask to be fed, though they refuse to work."

The author of the "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life" furnishes us with a fictitious, but characteristic specimen of this natural eloquence of the common people, in a poor woman who mourns at a wake over the dead body of her patron, Godman Lee. She was seated on the floor, her eyes closed, her hands clasped around her knees, while in a low and mournful tone she spoke as follows:—

"Kind and gentle were you, and lived through sorrow and tears, frost and snow, with an open house and an open heart. The sun of heaven shone on you, and you reflected its warmth on others. The flower of the valley saw and loved you; and though she is of a strange country, you taught her to love the *green and weeping island*, to dry the widow's tears, to feed the

orphan, to clothe the naked. O, why did you die, and leave behind you all the good things of life? and above all, the beautiful boy who will be the oak of the forest yet? O, the justice and the mildness were you of the country's side! and while grass grows, and waters run, we will mourn for Godman Lee. The beggar walked from his door with a full sack; and he turned wormwood into sweetness with his smile. But now his wife is desolate, and his full and plentiful home has no master!"

The *wit* of the Irish is no less natural and striking than their eloquence. That very transposition of ideas which sometimes produces a bull or blunder, not unfrequently startles us as if with the scintillations of humor. "What are you doing there?" said one Irishman to another, who was digging away the dirt before a cellar window. "I'm going to open this window," said Patrick, "to let the dark out of the cellar." A few years ago, as several persons were standing on a wharf at Liverpool, one of them slipped into the dock. The first individual to move for the relief of the drowning man, was an Irishman, who plunged into the water, and after a severe struggle rescued the person from the waves. When the man had at length recovered from his

ducking, he took some change out of his pocket, and selecting a sixpence, handed it to the Irishman who had saved his life. The latter looked an instant at the sixpence in the palm of his hand, and then slowly measured with his eye the individual whom he had rescued; and observing that he was a very thin and small man, he put the money into his pocket, and turned on his heel, saying, significantly, "It's enough! it's enough!"

But the recollection of my readers will readily furnish them with abundant specimens of Irish wit, far less questionable than these. Wit is, in fact, the whole stock in trade of one half the Irish nation; and though it often leaves them destitute of a dinner, it seldom fails to make even destitution and want the occasion of its merry sallies.

It is perhaps this playfulness of fancy, that is partly the source of that *cheerfulness* which forms a remarkable characteristic of the Irish people. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," is an injunction literally construed and implicitly obeyed. Cheerfulness seems indeed to be so natural to the Irish, as hardly to possess the self-denying ingredients of virtue. Not even poverty, want, or oppression, can wholly shut

out the genial light of cheerfulness from an Irishman's cabin. If it come not in at the door or the window, fancy will strike out the spark, hope cherish it, wit blow it into a blaze. There is something even pathetic in the instances that are related of Irish wit and cheerfulness in the midst of poverty and destitution. A recent traveller in Ireland tells us, that on one occasion he went to an Irish cabin, where he found a peasant and his numerous family crowded into the only room in the building, which was scarcely more than twelve feet square. In one corner lay a pig; it being the custom among these poor people to fatten one of these animals every six months, for the purpose of paying their rent. The traveller describes the hut as exhibiting the most naked scene of relentless poverty that could be imagined. The gaunt form of the peasant, the sunken cheek of the wife, the pallid countenances of the children, all showed that the craving wants of nature were but half supplied. But the pig presented a remarkable contrast to this general aspect of want and woe. There it lay, luxuriously imbedded in aristocratic straw, sleek, round, and pampered. As the stranger entered the hut, it did not even condescend to rise, but seemed to imitate, by a delicate and

affected grunt, the sentiment of the fat lady in the play — “Don’t be rude, for really my nerves won’t bear it!” The stranger felt his heart touched at this scene, for it seemed to show that, day by day, the food that the peasant and his children needed, was doled out to this pampered animal, to provide for the payment of the rent, and thus insure a shelter for the family. At length he said to the Irishman, “Pray, why do you keep this creature in the house; would not he do as well out of doors?” “Sure,” said the peasant, with a smile, “your honor would not turn out the gentleman what pays the rint?” Thus it is that the Irishman’s cheerfulness is made to solace his poverty; thus it is that the diamond can illuminate the darkness; that the playful light of a heavenly virtue may be drawn down to earth, even by the iron of which misery forges its fetters.

It is natural to turn from Irish cheerfulness to Irish *hospitality*. This is a virtue which is largely exercised throughout Ireland, by the rich as well as the poor. In England, a stranger almost feels that he is an outcast. The elbows of John Bull are thrust sharply out, seeming a sort of *chevaux de frise*, to defend his fat ribs. One who is unaccustomed to sustain himself

amid this kind of porcupine armor, often finds himself, while travelling in England, shoved hither and thither in no very pleasant fashion. If, unluckily, he happens to have upon him some garment that bespeaks a foreign country, he seems to be singled out as the special object of suspicion and aversion. If, after living this kind of life for a few months, the traveller yearns to be among a people with whom he can have some sympathy, let him cross the Irish Channel, and go to Ireland. He will there meet with ready kindness and open-handed hospitality. The very name of stranger, the sound of which induces an Englishman to double lock his heart and his door, is a ready title to an Irishman's hospitality. Nor is this virtue practised among the rich alone. It is even more strikingly displayed by the poor, according to their means. A poor Irishman will part with his last shilling for a friend, a neighbor, or even a stranger, in distress. He will divide his last potato, giving the larger half (to use Pat's own expression) to one more needy than himself. "A stranger," says a certain traveller, "will always find it more easy to get in, than to get out of the house of an Irishman. The neighbor or the stranger finds every man's door open; and to walk in without ceremony at

meal time, and to partake of his bowl of potatoes, is always sure to give pleasure to every one of the house, and the pig is turned out to make room for the gentleman. If the visitor can relate a lively tale, or play upon any instrument, all the family is in smiles, and the young will begin a merry dance, whilst the old will smoke, after one another, out of the same pipe, and entertain each other with stories. A gentleman of an erratic turn was pointed out to me, who, with his flute in his hand, a clean pair of stockings and a shirt in his pocket, wandered through the country every summer. Wherever he stopped, the face of a stranger made him welcome, and the sight of his instrument doubly so ; the best seat, if they had any, the best potatoes and new milk, were allotted for his dinner ; and clean straw, and sometimes a pair of sheets, formed his bed ; which, although frequently not a bed of roses, was always rendered welcome by fatigue, and the peculiar bias of his mind."

Curran, in one of his celebrated speeches, thus beautifully described the native hospitality of his country : " The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convention ; in savage nations, of the first ; in polished, of the latter ; but the hospitality of an Irishman is not

the running account of posted and legered courtesies, as in other countries; it springs, like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable."

"During the march of a regiment, the Honorable Captain P——, who had the command of the artillery baggage, observing that one of the peasants, whose car and horse had been pressed for the regiment, did not drive as fast as he ought, went up to him and struck him. The poor fellow shrugged up his shoulders, and observed there was no occasion for a blow, and immediately quickened the pace of his animal. Some time afterwards, the artillery officer, having been out shooting all the morning, entered a cabin for the purpose of resting himself, where he found the very peasant whom he had struck, at dinner with his wife and family. The man, who was very powerfully made, and whose abode was solitary, might have taken fatal revenge upon the officer; instead of which, immediately recognizing him, he chose the best potato out of his bowl, and, presenting it to his guest, said, 'There, your honor, oblige me by tasting a potato, and I

hope it is a good one ; but you should not have struck me ; a blow is hard to bear.' ”

Let us turn a moment to the *intellectual character* of the Irish. And first, as to their imaginative qualities. These are remarkably displayed in their legends, their superstitions, and their popular poetry. The art of poetry appears to have been cultivated from early antiquity, and it is a curious fact that rhyme is an Irish invention. As early as the fifth century, the use of rhyme was familiar among the Irish, as well in their vernacular verses, as those which they wrote in Latin. It may be remarked here, that poetry in its infant state is seldom separated from music, and that, in Ireland, many of the early poems appear to have been sung, and accompanied by the harp, or cruit. In some very ancient verses, on the death of Columba, preserved in the “*Annals of the Four Masters*,” we find allusion to this : “*Like a song of the cruit, without joy, is the sound that follows our master to the tomb!*” This passage reminds us of Ossian ; and it is curious to remark that the very poems which Macpherson pretends were founded upon fragments of ancient Erse song, gathered from the western borders of Scotland, are, in fact, founded upon Irish poems, well

ascertained to have been composed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It is true, indeed, that many of these songs were current among the Gaelic inhabitants of the Hebrides and the western Highlands; but the people of these portions of Scotland were but the descendants of Irish emigrants. These kept up a constant intercourse with Ireland, and, adopting the popular poetry of the latter country, made these borrowed lyrics familiar as their own. But Ireland claims their paternity; and authentic history has now restored them to their birth-place.

The popular legends of the Irish eminently display the imaginative character of the people. In these, the fairies largely participate, seeming in Ireland to perform even more extraordinary feats than in merry England. The banshee, a pure Irish invention, is a nondescript being, supposed to be attached to particular families, and to take a lively interest in their welfare. There are few ancient houses in Ireland unprovided with this domestic spirit. It gives notice of impending calamity, and a death in the family is always foretold by the wailings of this ill-omened *attaché*. As, in England, the old-fashioned witch was more common than the

wizard, so the *banshee* is usually of the witch's gender; though sometimes, for extraordinary purposes, it appears to be of the other sex. This formidable being seems to fill the fancies of the lower Irish. Even those who come to this country can hardly shake off its imaginary visitations. It is an actor in many of the popular legends of Ireland, and a large part of the common incidents of life are more or less attributed to its agency. In short, the Irish seem to have a power of imagination which connects every object and incident with the supernatural. Whatever is mysterious is referred to the banshee; whatever is uncertain belongs to St. Patrick, St. Brigid, or some other saint. It is curious to observe that through most of these Irish legends and superstitions, there seems to be a perception of poetical justice, which gives success to virtue, and ill fortune to vice.

It would take me entirely beyond my proper limits to go at large into the field of Irish literature—I mean that which is strictly Irish, and of a date anterior to the period in which the learning of Ireland sought expression in the English tongue; much less can I go into an examination of the numerous and rich contributions which Irish genius has made to English

literature. A few brief notices must be all that can be bestowed upon these fruitful themes.

Various as are the monuments to which Ireland can point, as mute evidences of her antiquity, she boasts a more striking proof in the living language of her people—in that most genuine, if not only existing, dialect of the oldest of all European tongues, and which, by whatever name it may be called, was the vehicle of the first knowledge that dawned upon Europe. In the still written and spoken dialect of this primeval language, Ireland also possesses a monument of literary antiquity which “no cavil can reach, and no doubts disturb.” That the Irish were acquainted with letters before the time of St. Patrick, appears to be evident, though the art of writing was doubtless in a rude state, and confined to the learned or Druidical class. Their materials appear to have been tablets formed of the wood of the beach, upon which they wrote with an iron pencil, or *stylus*.

The position of Ireland in respect to other countries, at this period, should be borne in mind. Neither the arts nor the arms of Rome ever reached this island. From the earliest periods of authentic history down to the invasion of the Danes, embracing a period of nearly

a thousand years, Ireland remained in a state of seclusion ; her kings wrestling among themselves, but her green turf bearing the impress of no foreign master. Whatever light, therefore, might exist, was kindled from native fire. Yet it is to be remarked that, from the establishment of the Christian religion by St. Patrick, there was a gradual progress in learning until Ireland became the most illuminated spot on the broad map of Europe. Passing over the names of Columbkille, Killian, and other distinguished Irish scholars of the sixth and seventh centuries, we come to Virgilius, who flourished about the year 750. He was not only distinguished for his learning, but for his dispute with the English missionary Boniface, over whom he signally triumphed. Some ignorant priest, having been in the habit of using bad Latin in administering baptism, Boniface commanded Virgilius to perform the ceremony over again. This he resisted, and Boniface appealed to the pope, who had the good sense to decide in favor of the former. Boniface, thus rebuked, became the enemy of Virgilius, and waited for an opportunity to seek revenge. At length the latter, having some glimmering notion of the spherical form of the earth, and having intimated a belief

in the existence of antipodes, was accused by Boniface of heresy, and again brought before the pope. From this accusation he found means of clearing himself, and was soon after elevated to the see of Salzburg, in Germany.

We must pass over the names of Clement, Albinus, and Dungal, — all of whom appear to have been eminent men, and to have obtained the favorable notice of Charlemagne, — and come to Donatus, bishop of Fiesole. Of the writings of this distinguished individual we give the following extract, from a translation in O'Halloran's history. It is the more pertinent, as it recognizes the distinction which Ireland at this time enjoyed, for her advance in learning.*

“Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name
Enrolled in books ; exhaustless is her store
Of veiny silver and of golden ore ;
Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters, and her air with health ;
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow ;
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow ;
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,
And arts and arms her envied sons adorn.”

* In explanation of one passage, it may be necessary to say, that Scotia, or Scotland, was the designation of Ireland, for several centuries after the arrival of the Scotie or Milesian colony.

But by far the most remarkable man sent forth during these ages, was the learned and subtle John Scotus, who flourished about the year 850. Such was the success of his social and intellectual powers, that Charles the Bald of France made him the companion of his most secluded and familiar hours. His writings are the most remarkable productions of the time, and exerted a powerful influence upon the theology of this and the subsequent age. In addition to his immense European reputation as a scholar and metaphysician, we may remark that he appears to have been, in his intellectual and social qualities, a perfect representative of the genuine Irish character, in all its various and versatile combinations. Possessing humor and imagination, with powers of shrewd and deep reasoning, he yet lavished both these gifts imprudently, exhibiting, on almost all subjects, every power but that of discretion. His life, in its social relations, seems to have been marked by the same characteristic anomalies ; for, while the simplicity of his mind and manners, and the festive play of his wit, endeared him to his private friends, the daring heterodoxy of his written opinions alarmed and alienated the public, and made him at least as much feared as admired.

Such are a few of those stars which arose from Ireland, and attracted the attention of Europe during that long period when impending darkness was brooding over the rest of the world. It is remarkable that, when all beside was shadowed with ignorance and gloom, Ireland was the seat of knowledge, and the focal point of science. In the eighth century, its reputation was so well established, that it was considered the mart of learning, to which the scholars from every part of Europe were attracted. It was in those days that, if a sage were missing, it was said of him, "He has gone to Ireland to perfect himself in scholarship." On this subject I need but add, that it was during the eighth century, that what has been called the *scholastic philosophy* originated, from the eminent divines which the monasteries of Ireland poured forth.

In confirmation of the views here taken, we may offer the testimony of Dr. Leland. Where he is speaking of the period in which the early preachers of the gospel visited Ireland, he says,

"Christianity, as then taught, although it could not eradicate, at least restrained, the national vices. A numerous body of ecclesiastics, secular and regular, quickly swarmed over the

whole country ; frequently became umpires between contending chieftains ; and when they could not confine them within the bounds of reason and religion, at least terrified them by denouncing vengeance against their excesses. An ignorant people listened to their tales of pretended miracles with a religious horror. In the midst of every provincial contest, every domestic strife, they were sacred and inviolate. They soon learned to derive their own emolument from the public veneration. The infant church was every where amply endowed, and the prayers of holy men repaid by large donations. Some of the oldest remains of Irish literature inform us, that the people were taught to dedicate the first born of all cattle to the church, as a matter of indispensable obligation. But if the clergy thus acquired riches, they applied them to the noblest purposes. The monks, says Mr. O'Connor, fixed their habitations in deserts, which they cultivated with their own hands, and rendered the most delightful spots in the kingdom. These deserts became cities ; and it is remarkable enough, that to the monks we owe so useful an institution in Ireland, as bringing great numbers together into one civil community. In these cities the monks set up schools, in which

they educated the youth, not only of the island, but of the neighboring nations. The testimony of Bede is unquestionable, that about the middle of the seventh century, in the days of the venerable prelates Finian and Colman, many nobles and other orders of the Anglo-Saxons retired from their own country into Ireland. These came either for instruction, or for an opportunity of living in monasteries of stricter discipline; the Scots (as he calls the Irish) maintained them, taught them, and furnished them with books, without fee or reward — a most honorable testimony, says the elegant Lord Lyttleton, not only to the learning, but likewise to the hospitality and bounty, of that nation.

“A conflux of foreigners to this retired island, at a time when Europe was in ignorance and confusion, gave peculiar lustre to this seat of learning; nor is it improbable or surprising that seven thousand students studied at Armagh, agreeably to the accounts of Irish writers, though the seminary of Armagh was but one of those numerous colleges erected in Ireland. But the labors of the Irish clergy were not confined to their own country. Their missionaries were sent to the continent. They converted heathens; they confirmed believers; they

erected convents; they established schools of learning; they taught the use of letters to the Saxons and Normans; they converted the Picts by the preaching of Columbkil, one of their renowned ecclesiastics. Burgundy, Germany, and other countries, received their instructions; and Europe with gratitude confessed the superior knowledge, the piety, the zeal, the purity of the 'Island of Saints.' Such are the events on which Irish writers dwell with an enthusiastic delight. The first Christian missionaries seem to have industriously avoided all unnecessary violence to the ancient manners of the Irish. Their poets they favored and protected; the remains of the Druidical order were not persecuted; and although divine vengeance was thundered against the worshippers of the sun, stars, and winds, it is evident that some pagan superstitions were overlooked with too great indulgence, for they subsist at this day in Ireland: fires are lighted up at particular times, and the more ignorant Irish still drive their cattle through those fires as a means of preserving them from future accidents."

Such is the abstract given by Dr. Leland in his preliminary discourse on the introduction and establishment of Christianity.

But we approach a period when the sun of Irish literature was destined to a long eclipse. The hordes of northern robbers, passing under the general name of Danes, now began their irruptions; and for more than two centuries they continued to harass and desolate Ireland. They were finally expelled; but the nation was so wasted and impoverished, that Henry II. made an easy conquest of a portion of the island, and commenced that dominion of the English crown which has ever since been continued. Under this despotism, for nearly five hundred years, Ireland was the victim of unrelenting oppression. It was not till after the rebellion of 1688, and the desolating attainders and confiscations which followed, that a reprieve was given to this unhappy country, by the English government. But at last the course of British policy seemed to be ameliorated, and the country rose superior to the cruel pressure of former political inflictions. It had now the bustle and activity of a parliament; and its educated gentry, residing upon their estates, exerted their influence for the improvement of the people. The rapid advances which were made under these circumstances were little short of miraculous. It was then that the light of national genius, concentrating its long-

scattered rays to a point, and shining steadily from its proper focus, threw out those sparks of moral lustre

“Which give
Light to a world, and make a nation live.”

It was then that the powerful collision of active, ardent, and energetic minds produced that brilliant burst of talent, which for nearly a century flung over the political darkness of Ireland a splendor to which her struggles and her misfortunes served only to give a stronger relief and more brilliant effect. It was then that, after ages of mental depression, the Irish intellect broke out, when none expected, or were prepared for the splendid irruption. It was during this remarkable period, that such names as Steele, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Swift, Curran, Grattan, and Burke, rose from Ireland, and swept like coruscations of light over the sky. Nor were these luminaries followed by a total eclipse. It is true the union came like a cloud to chill the spirit of the nation; to divest it of even the semblance of independence; to deprive its metropolis of its wonted attraction; and to induce the wealthy proprietors to seek a residence in other lands. But, in spite of this

plunder of her rights and her liberty, Ireland has still continued to add to her list of great names. Canning has passed to his tomb, but he will not be forgotten. Moore still lives, and his fame, as the best of lyric poets, will be immortal. Wellington, as the victor of Waterloo, will need no other monument than the closing leaf of Napoleon's story.

I have now completed a feeble and imperfect sketch of Ireland and the Irish people; but I could wish that it might not wholly pass without practical benefits. I have presented this nation as of great antiquity, and as linking itself, by a remarkable power of self-perpetuation, with those nations which pass before us like mighty shadows in the morning dream of history. I have presented them to you as at various periods displaying a power of genius which commanded the admiration of mankind. I have presented them to you as blemished, indeed, with imperfections in their social character, but as possessing indisputable claims to sympathy and respect. I would remind you that we have among us thousands of individuals, who may claim kindred with this interesting people; and, however poor and ignorant some of them may be, —

"Though Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll," —

still they are of a noble stock, and worthy the care and culture of every friend to the improvement of the human race.

I know, indeed, that there are practical difficulties in this matter. We are told that the Irish are Catholics; and this is esteemed by some a fatal obstacle to improvement. Let us suppose, for a moment, — what indeed I do not affirm, — that the Catholic religion is a false faith — what then? Go you to these people, and tell them that their religion is a falsehood — will they believe it? Will they not tell you it is the faith of their fathers, and alike rendered dear by the memory of the holy man who introduced it into their island, and the bitter sorrows they have suffered for its sake? Will they not tell you it is the faith that immediately followed the apostles — the faith of the early Christians in all lands — the only faith that, for centuries after Christ, was known to Christendom? Will they not tell you that to suppose this a false belief, is to suppose a non-intercourse between Christ and his followers for ages, and to throw down and prostrate in the dust the only ladder that reached from earth to heaven, and by which,

for more than a thousand years, Christian faith was accustomed to hold communion with God? Will they not also tell you that, at this very hour, two thirds of the Christian world are believers in the Catholic church? And will these followers of this faith renounce their views upon your simple declaration that it is false? Remember that even truth is unavailing if it do not take hold of the understanding. The longest lever has no force if it has no fulcrum. Denunciation, therefore, of the Catholic faith, will never benefit a Catholic.

Recollect, too, the position in which we Americans stand toward the Irish. We are of English descent, and share in the events of English history. If we have our tales to tell of Bloody Mary, the Catholics have theirs of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Cromwell, all true Protestants, but as fell religious persecutors as ever disgraced a sceptre. The Irish have been taught by history, tradition, experience, to expect in the enemies of their religion, the enemies of their peace and prosperity. Protestant, with them, has too often been found synonymous with oppressor. Too often Protestantism has come to them in the unattractive guise of tyranny, tithes, and taxation. These emigrants come to our

country, then, with a lynx-eyed prejudice, founded in their own bitter experience, and that of their fathers, and their fathers' fathers. How will you deal with it? Allow me very briefly to suggest one or two practical points.

Let us dismiss that narrow-minded maxim, which teaches that the Irish are a wrong-headed people, who can only be abused out of their errors. Let us recollect that St. Patrick introduced Christianity into Ireland in thirty years, and that too in the face of paganism, and by persuasion only; while the whole coercive power of England since the time of Henry VIII. has been vainly exerted to convert this nation to Protestantism. Remember that St. Patrick, by the mere magic of kind persuasion, did that in thirty years which the defied and baffled throne of Britain has not been able to accomplish by force in three hundred years.

Let us by no means join in the popular outcry against foreigners coming to our country, and partaking of its privileges. They will come, whether we will or no; and is it wise to meet them with inhospitality, and thus turn their hearts against us? Let us rather receive them as friends, and give them welcome to our country. Let us rather say, "The harvest before us is in-

deed great, and the laborers are few: come, go with us, and we will do thee good." Our hills, and valleys, and rivers, stretch from ocean to ocean, belting the entire continent of the New World; and over this rich and boundless domain, Providence has poured the atmosphere of liberty. Let these poor sufferers come and breathe it freely. Let our country be the asylum of the oppressed of all lands. Let those who come, bent down with the weight of European tithes and taxation, here throw off the load, and stand erect in freedom. Let those who have dwelt in the chill shadows of the Castle of Ignorance, erected by kings, and fortified by priestcraft, come here, and be warmed by the free sunlight of knowledge. Let those whose limbs have been cramped by chains, those whose minds have been fettered by hereditary error, come here, and, seeing happiness, be permitted freely to pursue it.

Let us, at least, extend the hand of encouragement and sympathy to the Irish. Their story for centuries is but a record of sorrows and oppressions. They have been made to feel, not only how cruel, but how universal, are the miseries which follow a bad government; for government is as pervading in its influence as the

air we breathe. In civilized society, we must eat and drink, and wear, and have shelter, and hold intercourse with our fellow-men; and government will come through bolted doors and grated windows, and reach us through these interests. The tyrant will come in and visit us at our homes, dimming the very light of our firesides. Not only do we feel his taxes, and find our industry cursed, but the minds of our children are perhaps injured — degraded or contaminated — by the vices which injustice and evil example, from high stations, inculcate upon society. And from these miseries there is no escape but death. No condition can shield a man from mischiefs so injurious and so pervading. As well might the air become contagious, and the springs and rivers be tainted, as bad government become established over a nation. Yet poor Ireland has been subject to such a condition for ages; and even if her children leave their native soil, they are obliged to carry with them the bitter memory of their country's wrongs. A people of quick and ardent sympathies, of a poetical and romantic love of country, they are, in exile, ever looking back to the Emerald Isle, with mingled sorrow and sickness of heart. How heavy

is the burden which such bosoms must bear, as they wander over distant lands, in the bitter consciousness that their country is the desponding victim of oppression! Shall not those who come to our shores afflicted with such sorrows, find in the friends and sharers of freedom, both welcome and release? And let us beware of adding to their wrongs. Let us remember that there is other tyranny than that of chains and fetters — the invisible but cruel tyranny of opinion and prejudice. Let us beware how we exercise this towards the Irish; for it is wicked in itself, and doubly mischievous in its tendency. It injures both its subject and its object, and brings no counterbalancing good.

Let us be especially guarded against two sources of prejudice, to which we are peculiarly liable. In the first place, in our personal experience, we are familiar with the most ignorant and unfortunate of the Irish nation. We see, in servile employments, those who have been exposed to all the debasing influences that degrade mankind. Is it fair to draw from these a standard by which to judge the whole people? Let us rather ask ourselves where there is another nation, who have been so long trampled down

by oppression; who have been born in poverty and nursed in adversity; who have inherited little from the past but sorrow, and can bequeath nothing to the future but hope; — where is there a people so wronged, that has yet preserved so many virtues? How gallantly, indeed, do Irish wit, and cheerfulness, and hospitality, and patriotism, ride on the wreck of individual hopes, and sparkle through the very waves of adversity!

Let us beware of prejudice from another source. We read English books, papers, and pamphlets. We read them under the inspiring influence of Britain's great name. Say what we may of that country, the British empire is a mighty power, and her literature is even more potent than her armies and her navies. It is by this she casts a spell over the world, and binds the nations in moral fetters. We see in the English people nearly the same exclusive love of country that burned in the bosom of the ancient Roman. This spirit animates every offspring of the English press. It is this which leads them to vindicate the tyranny of the government in Ireland, by portraying the Irish as an untamable race, deaf to reason, and only to

be ruled by the harsh inflictions of power. Let us, Americans, see that our minds are not driven from the moorings of justice, by this sinister current in which they are placed. Influenced by such considerations as these, let us by all fair means bring about a good understanding between the Irish emigrants and society. Let us deal gently with them, even with their errors; — and thus we shall win their confidence; thus they may be persuaded to take counsel of the good, the wise, and the virtuous, and not throw themselves into the arms of those who flatter their vices and minister to their passions, but to use and abuse them.

Let this reasonable and just policy mark our conduct towards the grown-up Irish among us; and in regard to their children, let us individually and collectively use our best endeavors to bestow upon them the benefits of education. But let us remember that even an attempt to educate the Irish will fail, if it be not founded in a recognition of the elements of their national character, quick perception, a keen sense of justice, and ready resentment of wrong. If over these, prejudice, suspicion, and pride, have thrown their shadows, let us adapt the instruction

we would offer to the light they can bear. In this way, a numerous* people may be redeemed from misery to happiness, and rendered a blessing instead of a curse to our country. Let us deal thus with those Irish who have left their native land to find a dwelling among us ; and in regard to the millions that remain at home, in the "green and weeping island," let us hope for the speedy dawn of a brighter and better day. A youthful queen now sways the sceptre of Britain ; and what may not humanity hope from the generosity of *youth* and the heavenly charity of *woman* ?

In closing this faint and feeble but sincere appeal in behalf of the Irish people, I cannot feel that I urge a doubtful claim, or seek to enforce an ungracious suit. Might I not foot up a long account, and confidently ask its liquidation on the general ground of even-handed justice ? Who is there that has not read the pensive tale of the "Deserted Village," and felt his heart both softened and purified by the perusal ? Who is there that has not listened to the entrancing melody of that "Traveller,"

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"

who has painted pictures of life, beauty, and

truth, on the soul, that will live as long as the heart retains its affections, or the imagination its enamel? Who is there that has not again, again, and yet again, forgotten the cares and vexations of life in the story of that simple-hearted "Vicar of Wakefield" and his family, and gathered from it more touching and effective lessons of virtue, than were ever found in the philosophy of the schools? Who is there that will not acknowledge a debt to the author of these works, and, if the appeal were made, would not heartily repay it to the land that gave him birth? Who can measure the debt of gratitude that the world owes to such a man as GOLDSMITH? for it is the influence of spirits like his, that aids in the redemption of mankind from barbarism, that civilizes society, that ennobles the heart, gives to love its purity, to friendship its truth, to patriotism its fervor, to home its comfort, to human nature its dignity, to life its charm. If the pleasure this single individual has excited, the virtue he has planted and cherished, the good he has done to his fellow-man, were heaped up in one monumental pile, the mighty pyramid would reach to the skies; and its fitting inscription would be, **TO THE MEMORY OF AN IRISH-MAN, WHOSE GENIUS WAS A PERSONIFICATION**

OF THE IRISH CHARACTER, AND WHOSE LIFE WAS A FIT EMBLEM OF IRELAND'S FORTUNES. HE LIVED MINISTERING TO THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS, HIMSELF THE VICTIM OF SORROWS THAT MAY BE FELT, BUT CANNOT BE RE-HEARSED!

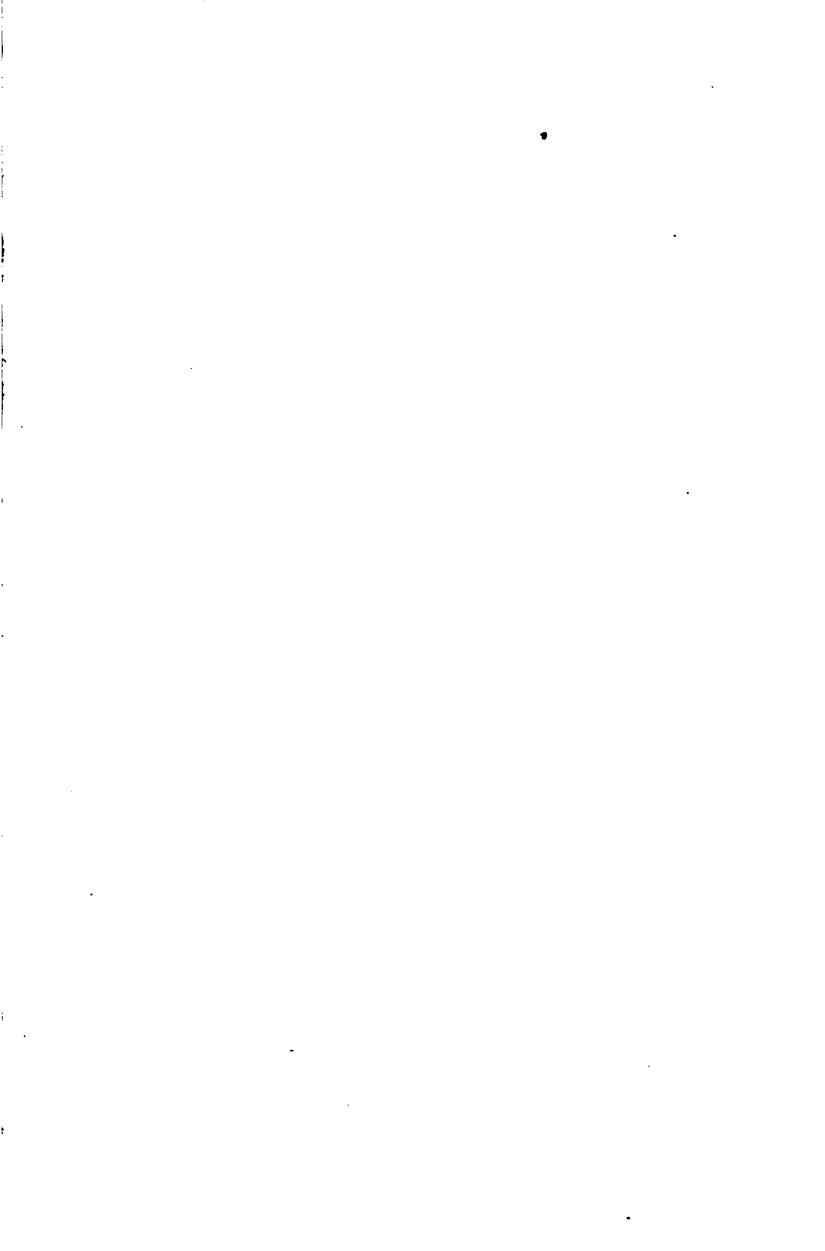
SORROW.

'Tis a fair morn ; the grass all gemmed with dew ;
From the deep vale the ghostlike mist is stealing ;
A pearly azure robes the distant view,
The mountain top half hiding, half revealing.

'Tis spring, so dear to youthful fancy's play,
So full of hope,—the morn of myriad flowers,
And myriad dreams as beautiful as they,
All born to bloom and wither with the hours.

In golden green the tasseled willow swings
O'er the full brook that leaps like boyhood by ;
From many a leafy bush bird-music rings,
And yon smooth lake gives back a cloudless sky.

How bright the scene ! And yet a darkling cloud,
As if from heaven, hangs o'er my heart the while ;
For that, alas ! is robed in sorrow's shroud,
And I can only weep when landscapes smile.





TO MARION.

WHY, maiden, art thou sad? So young, so fair,
What can thy gentle bosom know of sorrow?
For age are meant the furrowing lines of care:
Why, then, such moody airs shall maiden borrow?

Pray, hast thou caught that magic mirror's gleam,
Of fond fifteen, so apt to light the heart,
Melting the seal of love's bewildering dream—
And at its revelations dost thou start?

So hath it been, so must it ever be,
When first, in seeming solitude, we hear
The voice of Echo; though, in ecstasy,
We fluttering follow, like charmed birds, in fear.

And thou dost find an echo every where,—
A voice that blends with every tuneful tone,
In every melody that melts on air;
And yet that voice—pray, is it all unknown?

There is an image o'er the earth and sea,
Wherever grace or beauty seem to dwell—
A rainbow or a man. Confess to me,—
And if it's Sandy, maid, I will not tell.



J. Browne

O. Pelton

Union.

THE SILENT VOICE

Must, on the silent
Land of Eternity,
Tattering, tattered, tattered,
Tattered, tattered, tattered,

Must find an echo
In the blends of the
Singing that must
Be a voice - pray, pray, pray,

Age after the age,
And or be a voice, to be
A voice, to be a voice,
And if a Sinner, I will not tell

THE AGE OF HAIR.

As every dog must have his day,
Fools take their turn, and have their sway.
'Tis thus, conceiving man's chief part
To glorify the tailor's art,
The dandy struts his little season—
An ape in all—e'en lack of reason.
Nay, we forget: the true-born ape
Eschews a tail; but on the shape
Of that which decorates his end,
The dandy's station doth depend;
For if it deviate a hair
From Stultz's*—O, despair! despair!
So, ape, forgive the slip we made:
Thy rank and station 'twould degrade,
To place thy tailless dignity
Beside the dandy, in degree—
A thing that glories in a cue,
And that, perchance, not paid for—whew!

But earthly pleasures pass away;
Kings turn to dust, and queens to clay;

* It may be necessary to say to the uninitiated, that *Stultz* is, or was, the prince of London tailors, and has exercised as extensive and despotic a sway as any other tyrant of modern times.

To other hands their sceptres go;
On other brows their diadems glow.
So e'en the dandy's dynasty
Must yield at last to fate's decree.
A darkling change comes on; for, lo!
The latest fashion's on Jim Crow;
And every Sambo in the street
On Sunday has it quite complete!
There's no mistake; 'tis Stultz's last
And best; his air, and cut, and cast;
His collar, cuff, and—gods, turn pale!—
That last, best tailor's gift—his tail!

Though all is lost, still hope survives,
And on defeat fond fancy thrives.
Genius of apes! come, aid thy friends,
And make thy worshippers amends!
Descend, and say what can be done
To give the flats another run;
And help poor, witless, worthless elves
T' excite the envy of themselves,
And make the gaping throng of fools—
Their cheated followers and tools—
Unconscious that the good and wise
Such monkey mockery despise.
Kind goddess! hear the fond request,
And let thy worshippers be blest!

Such is the prayer; and not in vain
'Tis wafted over hill and plain,
By angel apes, on wings unseen,
To the fair goddess, Folly's queen.

Soft is her heart, and, soon as known,
The wish is granted: from her throne
The mandate goes: thus doth it run—
“~~The~~ dynasty of ~~Stult;~~ ~~is~~ done;
~~The~~ age of ~~Hair~~ ~~is~~ now begun.”

O happy thought! 'twill do, 'twill do!
Grow hairy as a Turk or Jew!
Delightful task, with watchful toil,
To bathe thy budding hopes in oil;
With fresh Macassar, thrice a day,
Like Esquimaux, to steep thy clay;
And when, at last, thou seem'st a beast,—
Some rank, two-legged goat, at least,—
To make the badger and the bear
Thy prototype, and dote on hair!
Heed not, if squeamish wights shall feel
A sickness o'er their bosoms steal
At sight of thee—half man, half beast—
A Centaur, with his whiskers greased—
A thing in which the immortal mind
Sprouts into bristles unconfined!
Heed not, but cultivate thy hair;
Thy starveling soul's not worth thy care.
Its littleness thou best canst hide
With soap-locks, flowing loose and wide.
So, having nothing else to show,
Let thy rank beard and whisker grow;
Conceal the human face divine,
And let thy model be—a swine;
Put on the animal, display the brute,
And be a thing of hair from head to foot!

Nor heed, if thus the world shall know,
As thy exuberant ringlets flow,
Thy beard or whiskers goat-like swell,
Goat-like thou lackest brains! Farewell.
But mark, at parting, Sambo's woolly fleece
Puts thine to shame, with all its *glorious* grease;
More full his locks, his *moustache* still more dark,
His whiskers quite as swinish, rough, and stark!

STANZAS.

BY J. T. FIELDS.

THERE are who scorn the Muses' voice,
Who deem the lyre but weak and vain;
Who care not for the minstrel's choice,
His words of fire, and deathless reign.

If o'er the desert waste of life
There bloomed apart a lowly flower,
And round the haunts of sin and strife
Its perfume lent a soothing power,—

Say, would you trample down the bud,
And tear its crimson leaves away—
Reville the spot whereon it stood,
And laugh to see the rose decay?

And will ye spurn the humble lyre,
That seeks to calm the spirit's woe,—
Exult to bid its notes expire,
And lay its gentle music low?

No! let its strings unharmed remain:
The world hath but few sunny days;
And it hath eased the mourner's pain,
And filled his soul with cheerful lays.

Yes, when the furrowed brow of man
Is worn with chilling blasts of fate,
Ay, when his cup has just o'erran,
And all below looks desolate,—

That seraph bright, in mercy then,
Will wake her sweetest notes of power,
And take the prisoned soul again
Within her own Elysian bower!

SONNET.

THE senses are but prison gates, through which
The mind, incarcerated, looks dimly out
Upon the world; and yet how glorious
This faint and partial glimpse! The ear lets in
Upon a harp, deep set within the soul,
The trembling air; and this, though sepulchred
In clay, hath still the power to shape the lapse
Of the thin fluid into flowing music.
If, then, the soul, by these poor aids of sense,
Hath such a power, what must it be when, free
And franchised from the prison gloom, it looks on God,
And all his work, in the full light of heaven?—
And when it hears the hymning voice of love
Eternal poured from angel voices round?

TO A LADY.

THAT pensive brow may seem to speak of sorrow;
Yet in thine eye a dawn of pleasure lurks,
Just as to-night holds dalliance with to-morrow,
Behind yon hills where blushing morning smirks.

That veil may tell of clouds that dim thy days;
Yet through the mist the sun is fairest seen;
For then we dare to fix the enraptured gaze,
Where all too bright, unclouded, were its sheen.

Thy lip is arched, as if perchance in scorn;
Yet tell me, lady, prithee tell me why
'Tis like to Cupid's bow, which, though it warn,
Wakes the wild wish its gentle shafts to try?

SONG OF ESPOUSAL.

BY LIEUT. WM. B. GREENE, U. S. A.

O, BRIGHT is the glance from a lady's eye,
And soft is the tint on her rosy cheek,
And sweet are the tones of love's minstrelsy,
When the hopes of the bard in his numbers speak;
But dearer, far dearer, art thou, my bride,
Than the throbblings of love or the measures of hope;
Far brighter thy flash than the glances of pride;
Thy language more melting than bard ever spoke.

Then hail to my sword! to my own fair bride!
To my first, to my last, to my only love!
In the darkness of death shalt thou dwell by my side,
O my first and my only love!

When the banner shall droop on the broken lance,
And the heart shall beat low to the fleeting breath,
Our loves shall be sung, with a wild-measured dance,
Where havock keeps time to the harpings of death.
The couch of our bridal shall be the damp ground,
With the blue cannon-smoke for a canopy spread,
While the drum with the bugle shall mingle its sound
For a wild serenade to the fair one I wed.

Then hail to my sword! to my own fair bride!
To my first, to my last, to my only love!
In the darkness of death shalt thou dwell by my side,
O my first and my only love!

FORT RUSSELL, E. F., Feb. 9, 1840.

BLUE-STOCKINGS.

BY J. A. JONES.

THERE is no word in the English language which is faster losing its signification than that of "blue-stockings." Indeed, it has become so thoroughly changed, that the little Queen should send a peremptory mandamus to the fellows of Brazen Nose or Oriel, commanding them to coin a new word to supply its place. Fifteen years ago, it was understood, in common parlance, to mean a woman between thirty and forty years of age,—usually nearer the former than the latter,—of questionable claims to strength of mind or solidity of judgment, of a freckled or sallow complexion, with coarse hair, bad eyes, bad teeth, bad gait, large feet, a pug nose,—an inordinate snuff-taker, a termagant in disposition, a radical in petticoats, and, in matters of faith, either a bigot or a skeptic. To suppose for a moment that a "blue" could be sensible, or beautiful, or sprightly; could dance with grace, or sing with effect, or be possessed of

any of the charms and witcheries which hover around the steps of an elegant and accomplished woman, — would have been accounted a singular hallucination of the judgment, a remarkable mistake of the eyes and ears. A “blue” was thought to be estimated at her full value when reckoned at the wholesale price of an old lexicon; her peculiar province being supposed to be the settling of disputes in philology, and the reading of Newton, Locke, and Boyle, with the village schoolmaster. But, reader, mark the change which fifteen years have made in the opinions and feelings of the public. Now, to wit, in the month of —, in the year 1840—1, to be a “blue,” means to be a lady, beautiful, gentle, virtuous, sprightly, musical, dancical; one possessed of all the elegant accomplishments; with a snowy forehead, and a swan-like neck, locks of glossy brown shading it; a foot that touches the earth like snow, and a hand like the down of the cygnet; and a step so light and ærial, that you can compare it to nothing but the attempt of a beautiful bird to light upon a slender-stemmed wild flower. Such is the idea at present attached to *bluism*. Though a lady aspires to be a leader of the *beau monde*, let her remember that, at the

present day, she strengthens her claims to distinction in the world of taste and fashion, when she shows herself capable of writing two stanzas of sense and metre, or a couple of pages of racy prose.

My friend Major Roche is a very clever fellow,—rich, good-tempered, and tolerably well informed,—a tasteful dresser, a good dancer, and as skilful a musician and painter as a mere amateur should be; but he had,—*has* is not the word,—in my estimation, one striking blemish; it was that of showing absolute horror for the class of females described under the once unlucky epithet “blues.” He disliked learned ladies so much, that, in truth, he had little acquaintance with women of sense; the honor of his notice being seldom extended beyond those who were entirely unsuspected of capacity to give offence on the score of much learning or deep reading. Never did my friend bestow a second glance, or second bow, upon the unfortunate female suspected of *bluism*. Mark the sequel. Robin Roche lost his heart to a blue-stocking. Would you believe it of one so thoroughly a worshipper of the opposite qualities in a female?—he was led a willing captive in the meshes of a blue-eyed girl, who could

talk you Latin as the famous Colman the younger proposed to sell butter, — by the yard, — and who was much better read in the Greek authors than many who have favored the world with erudite translations of, and annotations upon, them.

He had reached his twenty-seventh year, without giving a single indication of an intention to follow the example of his fathers in taking a wife to his bosom. He had been long given over as incorrigible; and even the children of his friends were taught to lisp, in connection with his name, the ominous note, “old bachelor.” Women of sense, it was seen, he avoided, and he was supposed to possess too much of that redeeming quality, to marry a fool. So the sentimental wrote him down one who had determined to tread the “weary path of life” alone. Fond lovers and the happily married pitied his forlorn state, and deprecated his crazed resolve; while those who were poor in the treasures of connubial felicity, applauded him to the skies for his wisdom, and pointed him out as a second Daniel come to judgment.

We were in London in the latter part of the month of August, which, as all of you that have lived in England know, is a period of great

dulness. Major Roche then came to me, and, complaining of *ennui*, proposed that we should take a trip to Paris, and see what they were doing in the *Boulevard Italien*, and saying in the *Chaussée d'Autin*. It was the very thing I had been conning over in my mind for some three weeks before; so I gave a ready acquiescence, and we set out the next day for Dover, there to take shipping for the port once denominated by British monarchs "our city of Calais." Nothing occurred worthy of note till we had been received on board the boat which yearly conveys so many idle fellows across the Channel, to lose their money at *écarté*, in the *salons* of Paris, or otherwise waste it in dissipations of which that capital is so prolific.

I was walking the deck of the steamer, ruminating on matters and things, — the beauty of the English coast, the smoothness of the sea, — when my friend the major came up to me with anxiety depicted on his fine countenance, a slight blush crossing his handsome cheek, and his manner very solemn and thoughtful. Taking me by my arm, and drawing a very deep sigh, he ejaculated, "My time has come!" Not knowing the motive or feeling which prompted the exclamation, I confess I was much startled

by it. I am a firm believer in signs, omens, and portents, vulgarly called forerunners; and it struck me that he had received one of those "solemn hints" which announce our speedy disappearance from the theatre of earthly troubles and vanities. I was at the point of repeating Wolsey's pathetic lament on the brevity and uncertainty of human life and honors, when I was relieved from my fears.—that is, the sombre class of them—by his second exclamation, "She is an angel!"

"Who is an angel?" I demanded.

"The lovely little creature who is sitting at the door of the ladies' cabin, *tête-à-tête* with a gentleman old enough to be her father. And thus it is, 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' But, Chester, you shall see this beautiful girl, and judge if I have not reason to be thus smitten."

On descending to the cabin, the first glimpse I caught of the object of Roche's sudden passion, was certainly such as led me to think highly of his taste. I do not think I ever saw a more beautiful woman. Indeed, were I required to point out the most beautiful face I have ever seen, I should name hers. And then there dwelt such an unspeakable charm in her countenance,

and so much grace in her manner, so much—but she was incomparable. Happily for the major, the gentleman who attended her proved to be an old acquaintance of mine, a married man, with daughters nearly as old as his lovely ward. At my request, he introduced “Miss Lemmen.” Behold, then, my friend on the summit of human felicity. He was soon able to engross the whole conversation of the lovely girl, his tender interest increasing every moment, while the glance of her soft eye evinced decided approbation of his conversation and manners. Before they had been half an hour in each other’s company, I set them down “paired *and* matched.” I never saw two persons become more deeply enamored at a first interview. Happily, the subjects first introduced were those he had been accustomed to hear discussed in fashionable circles—dress, dancing, music, drawing, recent marriages and engagements in the *beau monde*, parties formed for the watering-places,—all topics of much and engrossing interest in the higher circles. So far all was well; but as those who begin to feel *la belle passion* are always more or less poetical and sentimental, and, like the dying Falstaff, “babble of green fields,” my enamored friend would needs be asking the

young lady if she was fond of retirement and country life.

"Above all things! O, I do so delight in it," she answered, her beautiful eyes glistening with rapture, "that I think I could bear banishment for life to very many of the quiet and secluded spots one finds in England. (Here the major began to rub his hands in ecstasy.) I never liked the noise and bustle of town life, but always preferred a walk through a shady grove, or by the banks of a murmuring brook, to all the gayety of the parks and promenades. I could better enjoy such a stroll than a "show-off" at the levee of the Queen; and for balls and assemblies, and *mazurkas* and *galopades*, and all that sort of thing, can they compare with ripe strawberries plucked by one's own hand, and eaten with new cream in one's own summer-house? No: I should prefer seclusion, and a narrower homage, being of opinion with Ovid,

'Vive sine invidia mollesque inglorios annos,
Exige et amicitias tibi junge pares.'

Gentle reader, be so good as to look at the picture in the Athenæum, painted for this point of my story. See how faithfully and accurately the artist has depicted the surprise, horror, agony, of

the worthy soldier, at finding his newly-enshrined idol a blue-stocking. One hand is uplifted in astonishment; the other shades his eyes from the bright spectre of youth and beauty. He is endeavoring to leave the chair to which the soft vision has chained him. In the countenance of the lady, there is some surprise, and not a little chagrin, visible; and the under lip, the least in the world, pouting, shows pique; but the predominating expression is that of subdued laughter at his look and gestures.

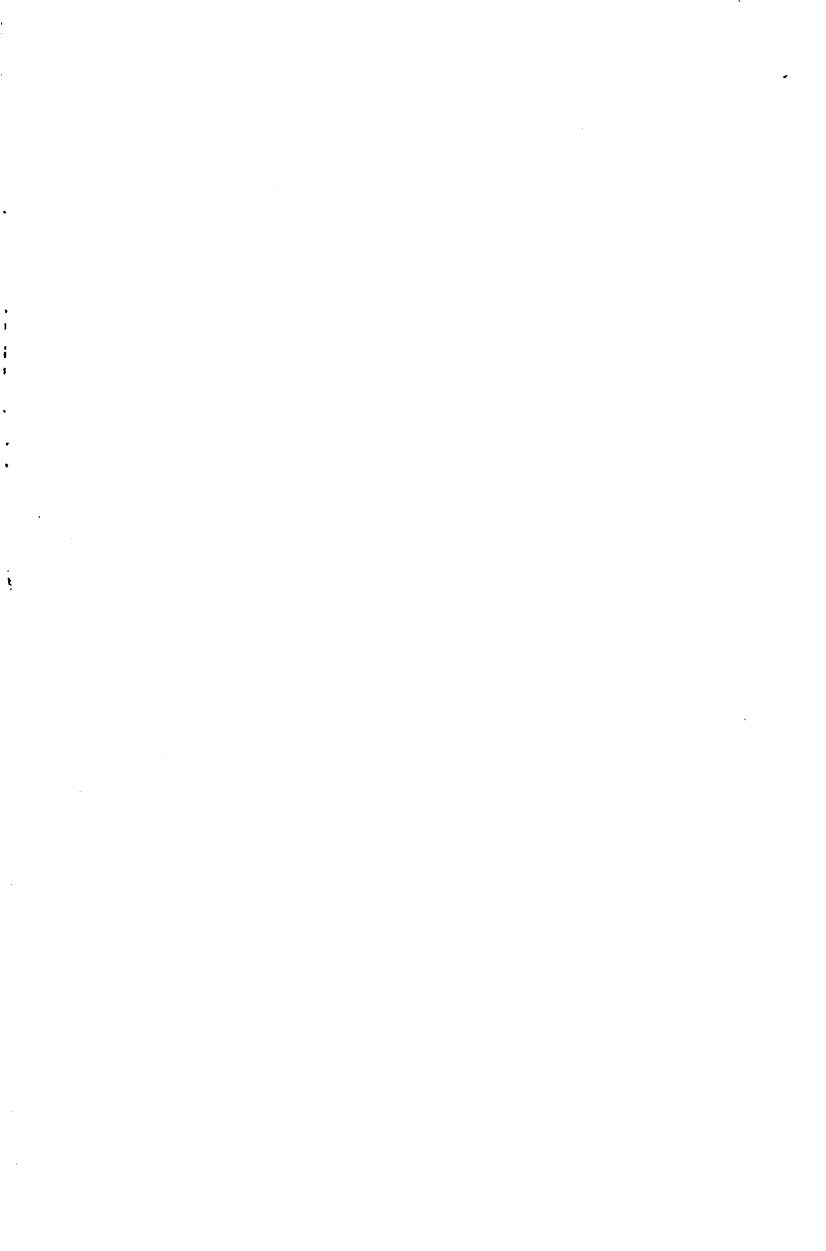
In spite of the unhappy quotation from Ovid, Major Roche married the charming Harriett Lemmen, immediately on his return from Paris. He has quite forgotten his horror of learned ladies in the acquaintance he has made with one of the greatest sinners of the class. When any thing is said in his presence against blues, or when doubts are expressed of their making pleasant companions, my friend, bestowing a kiss on the little white hand or smooth forehead of the sweet creature at his side, exclaims, *Vide et crede.*

AMBITION.

VIRTUE alone can bless: 'tis Heaven's law —
God's mighty will — man's universal doom:
All this we know — a trite, familiar saw,
Rung in the ear from childhood to the tomb.

We know that life is short; we know its end —
For all around doth whisper of the grave;
The ocean drinks the river; forests bend,
Giving to winter what the summer gave.

And still Ambition to some giddy height
Leads us away, and tempts us, and we kneel;
Yet, ere we grasp these kingdoms of delight,
Loud in the ear Death rings his hollow peal.





ZULEIKA.

"WHY, with gems and jewels rare,
Why, Zuleika, deck thy hair?
Why so intent thy hazel eye
Upon the braid thy fingers ply?"

'Tis to be a Harem-queen,
Slave of one she ne'er hath seen;
'Tis for such a sacrifice
The victim now her magic plies.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

There is a tradition at Rome, that an imaginative French girl died of love for this celebrated statue.

It was a day of festival in Rome,
And to the splendid temple of her saint
Many a brilliant equipage swept on ;
Brave cavaliers reined their impetuous steeds,
While dark-robed priests and bright-eyed peasants
 strolled,
Mid groups of citizens, in gay attire.
The suppliant moan of the blind mendicant
Blent with the huckster's cry, the urchin's shout,
The clash of harness, and the festive cheer.
Beneath the colonnade ranged the Swiss guards
With polished halberds—an anomaly —
Of mountain-lineage, and yet hirelings !
In the midst rose the majestic obelisk,
Quarried in Egypt, centuries by-gone ;
While on either side gushed up refreshingly
The lofty fountains, flashing in the sun,
And breathing, mid the din, a whisper soft,
Yet finely musical as childhood's laugh.
Here a stranger stood in mute observance ;

There an artist leaned, and pleased his eye
 With all the features of the shifting scene,
 Striving to catch its varying light and shade—
 The mingled tints of gorgeousness and gloom.
 Through the dense crowd a lovely maiden pressed
 With a calm brow, an eagerness of air,
 And an eye exultant with high purpose.
 The idle courtier checked his ready jest, "
 And backward stepped in reverence, as she passed;
 The friar turned and blest her fervently,
 Reading the joy in her deep look of love
 Which visits pilgrims when their shrine is won.
 To the rich chambers of the Vatican
 She hurried thoughtfully, nor turned to muse
 Upon the many glories clustered there.
 There are rooms whose walls are radiant still
 With the creations of the early dead—
 Raphael, the gifted and the beautiful.
 Fit places those for sweet imaginings
 And spirit-stirring dreams. She entered not.
 Gems of rare hues and stranger workmanship,
 Ancient sarcophagi, heroic forms,
 Busts of the mighty conquerors of time,
 Stirred not a pulse in that fond maiden's heart.
 She staid not to peruse the classic face
 Of young Augustus, nor lingered to discern
 Benignity in Trajan's countenance—
 But sped, with fawn-like and familiar step,
 Unto the threshold of a cabinet.
 Her eye grew brighter, and a burning flush
 Suffused her cheek, as, awe-subdued, she paused,
 And, throwing back the ringlets from her brow,

With a light bound and rapturous murmur, stood
Before the statue of the Grecian god.

"They tell me thou art stone,
Stern, passionless, and chill,—
Dead to the glow of noble thought,
And feeling's holy thrill:
They deem thee but a marble god,
The paragon of art,
A thing to charm the sage's eye,
But not to win the heart.

"Vain as their own light vows,
And soulless as their gaze,
The thought of quenching my deep love
By such ignoble praise!
I know that through thy parted lips
Language disdains to roll,
While on them rest so gloriously
The beamings of the soul.

"I dreamed, but yesternight,
That, gazing, e'en as now,
Rapt in a wild, admiring joy,
On thy majestic brow—
That thy strong arm was round me flung,
And drew me to thy side,
While thy proud lip uncured in love,
And hailed me as a bride.

"And then, methought, we sped,
Like thine own arrow, high,

Through fields of azure, orbs of light,
 Amid the boundless sky:
 Our way seemed walled with gorgeous gems,
 As fell the starry gleams,
 And the floating isles of pearly drops
 Gave back their silver beams.

"Sphere-music, too, stole by
 In the perfumed zephyr's play,
 And the hum of worlds boomed solemnly
 Across our trackless way:
 Upon my cheek the wanton breeze
 Thy glowing tresses flung;
 Like loving tendrils, round my neck,
 A golden band, they clung.

"Methought thou didst impart
 The mysteries of earth,
 And whisper lovingly the tale
 Of thy celestial birth:
 O'er Poetry's sublimest heights
 Exultingly we trod;
 Thy words were music — uttering
 The genius of a god!

"Proud one! 'twas but a dream;
 For here again thou art,
 Thy marble bosom heeding not
 My passion-stricken heart.
 O, turn that radiant look on me,
 And heave a single sigh —

Give but a glance, breathe but a tone,—
One word were ecstasy!

“Still mute? Then must I yield:
This fire will scathe my breast;
This weary heart will throb itself
To an eternal rest.
Yet still my soul claims fellowship
With the exalted grace,
The bright and thrilling earnestness,
The godlike, in thy face.

“Thou wilt relent at last,
And turn thy love-lit eye
In pity on me, noble one!
To bless me ere I die.
And now, farewell, my vine-clad home!
Farewell, immortal youth!
Let me behold thee when Love calls
The martyr to her truth!”



a. Front del.

J. Francis Sc.

The Place of the Fountain at Rome.

Rome 1794.

STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC, AT ROUEN.

A TRAVELLER'S SKETCH.

I HAVE resolved to avoid descriptions of places such as may be found in the guide-books. Were it otherwise, I would speak at length of this queer old city — a congregation of contradictions; of meanness and magnificence, of poverty and wealth. The fine old cathedral, with its Gothic architecture; its tombs and inscriptions, speaking of four centuries ago, when the English kings held dominion over this portion of France; with its two towers, near two hundred and fifty feet in height; with its immense bell, speaking in the voice of a giant; — this, alone, would fill some half-dozen pages. And then the statue of that lovely, inspired, patriotic, maniac maiden — the Maid of Orleans! I could write a volume about it. Not that the statue, which is of modern date, is remarkable; but I could hang her whole story upon it. Rouen, you remember, was taken by Henry VI. of England, in 1418,

after a siege of five months; and, in 1431, Joan of Arc was burnt alive in the public square, where her statue is now placed.

The present scene in the *Place de Joan d'Arc* is a curious one. It is the very heart of a great city; and here you may see all its palpitations. But I must pause, — or I shall overleap my resolution, — and begin to speak like a traveller who is preparing his book. Let me not forget, however, to pay a passing tribute to Joan of Arc. The Maid of Orleans is indisputably one of the most wonderful and beautiful characters depicted in the pages of history. In her case, insanity seemed to wear the very habiliments of inspiration. There was evidently no trick in her schemes. If she imposed on others, she was herself imposed upon by her imagination. Even at the age of fifteen, her career began, and while yet but a humble village maiden. While her companions were sporting beneath the fairies' tree, not far from the fountain of Domremy, — a tree once sacred to the Druids, and famous in many a ghostly tale, — Joan was singing and dancing in pious enthusiasm by herself; or, perchance, binding garlands for the Holy Virgin in the little chapel of Our Lady of Bellemont.

Such was the beginning of her career; yet at

the age of eighteen, she was the leader of armies, and animated her countrymen to deeds of victory in many a bloody field. But her story is too well known to require repetition. In 1431, she was burnt to death by a slow fire, being charged with witchcraft, by the holy church. In 1486, the holy church decided that she was innocent. Monuments were then erected to her memory, and the condemned, agonized, accursed, excommunicated Maid of Orleans, was rendered immortal. How often has it happened that a benefactor of mankind was persecuted while living, and only honored when honor was but a mockery of the insensate dust! While that dust could feel, it was an object of torture; when feeling had departed, it was worthy of imperishable monuments and undying inscriptions.

DE-TAY-A-LA'S VISION.

EARLY in the sixteenth century, when the peninsula which now forms the city of Boston was a wilderness, a tribe of Indians dwelt in a little village, consisting of about forty wigwams, on the easterly side, and near the top, of that high mountain afterwards called Beacon Hill.

The whole land was thickly covered with trees of primeval growth; oaks of a thousand summers threw their gigantic shadows over the settlement of the peaceful tribe.

On the rocky summit of the mountain, as if pointing to the sky, was one tall tree, — a dark, majestic evergreen, — the far-seen guide to the spring of living water at its base. The value of this spring was apparent from the number of foot-paths seen winding from its margin in every direction around the mountain — paths not beaten by the Indian's foot alone; the wild animals of the forest all drank at the same fountain.

In the year 1505, a dreadful pestilence passed

over the land; more than half of the population were swept away by its cruel desolation.

Through the autumn of that eventful year, wherever the mighty river united with the ocean, or the rivulet with the torrent, or the limpid brook flowed noiselessly into the lake, might be seen, on the ground consecrated to the final rest of the weary wanderer, the mourning Indians weeping over the new-made graves.

The council fire was often burning; for it was known to all the Indians along the coast, that strange people, in big canoes, were visiting their shores.

Many of the aged prophets had an awful presentiment that the Great Spirit had determined to remove them from the land of their fathers, to make room for another race. They had frequent and long talks on the necessity of seeking a home nearer the setting sun; but their talks invariably closed with a lamentation for the dead.

Such was the situation of the Abenakis tribe, when, late one afternoon, as the young and beautiful De-tay-a-la, the only surviving child of the aged sachem, was rambling down the mountain, rapt in deep meditation, the extended shadow of the signal-tree pointing to the ocean

arrested her attention. The sun was going down. De-tay-a-la stopped, and, casting a look around, her eyes finally rested on the spot where her mother, and brothers, and sisters, lay buried from her sight.

Suddenly a powerful determination took possession of her mind, and, in a kind of rapture, she exclaimed, "The time has come!"

She sprang swiftly forward, and, bounding along the path, one only feeling filled her soul. The birds were singing their sweetest notes among the thick branches over her head; but she heard them not;—the shadows of evening began to fill the dark forest, assuming unearthly yet seemingly real forms, such as had often solaced her lonely hours; but she heeded them not;—her thoughts were on a far-distant spot, and, like the arrow from her bow, onward she sped, nor paused until she reached the shore and leaped into her light canoe.

In a moment she was away, gliding across the water.

The evening was calm and bright. On such a night, the enthusiastic De-tay-a-la would often linger for hours on some promontory, picturing in her imagination fairy forms where the shadows and moonlight met upon the water;

or, wafted about in her canoe, she would muse on the almost equally unreal and shadowy traditions of her fathers.

But, on that memorable night, she sought a haven far away in the deep shades of a lonely recess, where no sound was heard save the monotonous roar of the ever-restless ocean beating upon the strand, and, at intervals, a low moaning of the wind, which at first appeared to her like a voice of sorrow, from the cliffs high above her head; and then it seemed to proceed from beneath the rocks, from the chasm where the waters rolled in darkness;—all else was still. There, amid the awful grandeur of nature's deepest solitude, the high-souled Indian maiden sought the spirit of the wilderness, to commune on the sorrows of her tribe.

* * * * *

Hours had passed, the moon had gone down, when De-tay-a-la, elevated above all thoughts of her own loneliness by the sacred assurance of consolation for her tribe, returned homeward over the bay.

Thick darkness covered the land—that heavy darkness which immediately precedes the dawn of day. The council fire was still burning,

the sages of the tribe had lingered for hours with intense but mournful anxiety for some prophetic ray to guide them in their future course, when De-tay-a-la entered the circle with a countenance irradiated by thoughts of high and sacred import. All eyes were bent upon her, as she solemnly proclaimed, "A mansion is prepared for our dead — a place of rest, where the white man's foot shall never pass!" At that moment her eyes meeting the keen, inquiring glance of the aged chief her father, she continued, — "When the rising sun shall have driven the darkness into the caves of the earth, you will see, far out upon the ocean, a lofty arch thrown across the water from land to land: there our dear, departed friends shall have a quiet sanctuary; but they alone whose hearts are twined with kindred hearts reposing there, can ever see the beauties of that triumphal arch. Millions shall view it only as a dark storm-cloud, or a vast accumulation of vapor; the mariner shall sail beneath, unconscious of its existence; it will not be always visible, but it will be always there. When the east winds blow, the portals of that mighty fabric shall be thrown open; but the blast shall creep silently through the galleries where

our loved ones are sleeping, and they shall sleep on. Ages hence, when strange people shall possess this land, and call it their home, — when these winding paths around the mountain, and the shining brook in the valley below, dear to all this tribe, shall be frequented by another race, who know us not, — then, in those days, when the winds come in from the big waters, the pale-faced lad shall leave his sport in the forest, the damsel shall flee to the wigwam, the white man at the spring shall draw his blanket closer around him, and cast his melancholy glance toward the ocean; but even then our secret will be safe, for his feeble eyes shall never penetrate the veil that hangs around that aërial vault.

“The honored father, in the midst of life’s career; the happy husband; the young and joyous wife; the lovely maiden, her parents’ pride; the loved of many hearts, — shall sigh, and droop, and fade. Myriads shall bewail the piercing, chilling EAST WIND; but none shall ever know that it loitered in the halls of our dead, before encircling them in its cold embrace.”

On the following day, that small band of the Massachusetts nation were on their way toward the setting sun.

THE
TEACHING OF THE SENSES.

THE eye is but a grated pane,
Through which the clay-imprisoned soul
Looks dimly forth on earth and sky,
Yet deeming all a heaven-writ scroll.

We gaze and gaze, and sometimes dream
That these may satisfy the heart;
But, lo! an after longing comes,
Which makes the cheated dreamer start.

We feel that these are signs— not things—
Prophetic visions cast before;
And yearning fancy turns to faith,
Making us sure of something more.

The ear doth catch sweet tones around
From woman's tongue and Eol's choir;
Yet this earth-music is but one
Sweet, stolen string from heaven's lyre.

And this is whispered to the heart;
For, though the raptured sense be blest
With song, a yearning wish will rise
For something still to fill the breast.

The rose regales, yet seems to cheat,
Not satisfy, the sense it woos;
The jaded palate turns away
From that which first it seemed to choose.

The nerve with sweet sensation thrills;
Yet languor comes to claim its turn,
And leaves the sickened soul within
For something better still to yearn.

Thus every sense exalts the soul,—
Bestows a transient draught of bliss,
Then breaks the cup, to make us thirst
For surer, purer joys than this.

They lift us to the mountain top,
Where earth and heaven in contrast lie,
And bid us spurn this lower sphere,
And spread the wing for yonder sky!

THE TORRENT BOW.

Yz mad, ye mighty waters, that do take
Your desperate, headlong course adown the steep
And ragged precipice, deafening the ear
With your tremendous voice,—have you, in your
Impetuosity, thus formed this bright,
This glorious arch? Did this fair structure, which
Doth with such silent majesty spread out
Its arms, so angel-like, above the rocks
And boiling foam, derive its heavenly being
From your so wild despair? How wonderful,
That, from the struggling of your loud, loud agony,
This thing should have been born—this thing, so calm,
So silent, so unchangeeful!

Welcome be
 Affliction's tears and heaviness of heart;
 And let the light grow dim that sparkle in
 A laughing eye; and let the roses fade
 That on a young cheek bloom; and let the heart
 Tremblingly beat in sorrow, that its young,
 High hopes are dead, if, from its beatings sad,
 Faith, steadfast faith, in the unbounded love
 And wisdom of our God, hath its sublime
 Existence. Yes, ah! welcome be to me
 The torrent of affliction, if the bow
 Of pious resignation thence be born.



The Somnambulist.

H. Andrews Pr.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

THE story is briefly this: Diego, an old soldier and Castilian, was intrusted with the care of a post on the coast of Spain, called the Beacon Cliff. He occupied a cottage, from the rear of which was an access to the cliff, across a draw-bridge. The path which led to the Beacon was over rocky angles, and along the face of a lofty precipice, at the foot of which the waves of the ocean broke in deafening thunders: and it was by this path alone that the Beacon could be reached. This consisted of a strong pole, fastened to a platform of the rock, from which a bucket, filled with resinous wood, was swung. This was occasionally lighted, to give signals to the Queen's troops, or the British ships in the bay.

Now, it happened that rumors got abroad, that, for two successive nights, the Beacon was lighted, and that, too, without orders from those commanding in this quarter. The gossips of the neighborhood had two versions of the story. One was, that St. Teresa was seen in a white

shroud, flying over the cliff with a lighted torch in her hand, and igniting the Beacon: another was, that Diego was in league with certain smugglers on the coast, and that it was as a signal to them that he caused the light to be kindled. There were those, indeed,—envious of the beauty of Catalina, Diego's maiden daughter, which had smitten the heart of Gil Gomez, the handsomest muleteer of the village,—who insinuated that the light was but the girl's signal to her lover.

The British officers on the coast treated the matter more seriously. Believing, or at least fearing, that Diego was in league with the Carlists, they appointed two of their number to conceal themselves near the cliff, at night, and watch the proceedings of Diego and his family. Agreeably to their instructions, they stationed themselves on the sands beneath the cliff, but still near the cottage; being thus effectually screened from observation. They had not remained long in this position, when the muleteer Gomez came and stood at a little distance, but without perceiving them. He had evidently come to watch, as well as themselves.

It was now midnight; and, though the sky was clear, there being no moon, every object was

shrouded in darkness. The cottage, the cliff, and the projecting Beacon, could be seen in profile against the sky; but beneath this outline all was lost in deep shadow. But at length a light flashed from Catalina's window, which was then opened, and the girl stepped out upon the balcony, holding a lamp in her hand. She then descended to the draw-bridge, which she let down and crossed, and began to ascend the rocky and precipitous pathway to the Beacon.

The two British officers immediately saw that it was a case of somnambulism, but hesitated what steps to take. They feared to make the slightest noise, lest the lovely sleeper, waked from her trance, might lose her foothold, and be hurled down to destruction. But the lover, Gomez, was not thus idle and irresolute. With a foot fleet as that of a mountain deer, he climbed the balcony of the cottage, flew across the draw-bridge, and, ascending to a secure position on the rocks immediately below Catalina, began to sing, in a low voice, some verses which he had often sung beneath the lattice of his mistress.

“ Girls, whose lattice late he haunted,
Merry Gil, no more enchanted,
Laughs, if frown or smile ye ply.

One thing only wins his glances,
In the churches, markets, dances,
Though a queen herself were by.
One bright star hath fixed him yonder
To a lovelier, gentler, fonder.
Must I name it? — Lina's eye ! ”

No sooner had the voice reached Catalina's ear, than she paused ; for she had now reached the Beacon, and was about applying the light to its contents. When the song was done, the lamp fell from her hand ; she uttered a scream, and fell over the cliff. Gomez had calculated well. He was immediately beneath her, at the distance of a few feet, and, as she fell, caught her in his arms. Thus the riddle was solved ; and Gomez, insisting that it was not safe for Lina to stay any longer at the cottage, to perform feats of somnambulism upon the Beacon Cliff, married her, and took her away the next day.

A FEARFUL PAUSE.

I HAVE heard the cannon's jar
Mingle with the trumpet's sound;
I have heard the voice of war
Swelling o'er the battle-ground;
But there comes a sudden hush,
While the warriors gather breath,
More fearful than the bloody rush
That stains the ghastly field with death

I have heard the tempest send
O'er the hills its thunder-stroke;
I have seen the whirlwind rend,
With a crash, the forest oak;
But the stillness oft that steals
O'er the voices of the storm,
To the startled heart reveals
A darker sight of Ruin's form.

There's a thing more fearful yet
Than the battle's sound or hush;
There's a thing more full of fate
Than the whirlwind's lull or rush;—
'Tis that dreadful pause that steals
O'er the starched group as a spell—
When to speak each anxious feels,
Yet cannot think of aught to tell!

LINES

ON AN ANCIENT PICTURE OF THE SIBYL.

SIBYL ! it was not that thy gifted gaze
 Could penetrate the counsels of the skies,
That great Apollo loved thee. 'Twas the blaze
 Of earthly beauty beaming in thine eyes,
That won the hero's heart. It was for thee,
 A maiden, not a Sibyl, that he wooed ;
It was for thine, and not for Jove's decree,
 He bent before thee. sought, and sighed, and sued.

And who shall blame, in this degenerate age,—
 Now that the gods and heroes all are fled,—
Now that the Sibyl's deep-inspired page
 With Lethe's lazy flood is overspread,—
Now that her oracles are dumb, her shrines
 Deserted, and her temples lost to fame,—
Say, who shall censure, if the heart inclines
 To scan thy beauty and forget thy name ?

If, in thy day of power, the very head
 Of good society and *ton*—the Nash
Or Brummel of the classic age—hath said
 That thou wert but a woman,—is it rash
In us to deem it so ? If high Apollo
 O'erlooked thy gifts, and to thy beauty knelt,
Forgive us, lady, if such lead we follow,
 And feel a little as his godship felt.

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

BY J. A. JONES.

I AM strangely afflicted; I am wonderfully troubled; an indescribable feeling has come over me — a sensation — “an awakening” — a fever of some perceptions, a paralysis of others. I cannot name my disease, nor analyze it; nor can I define it. It is not described in Cullen, Sydenham, Boerhaave, Dr. Pangloss, Marshall Hall, nor any other medical writer of the present age. *Æsculapius* saith nothing about it; *Galen* doth not even mention it; nor did *Paracelsus*, of later time, dip his goose-quill in ink to the enlightenment of mankind thereupon. Even that very wise Arabian professor of the healing art, *Dr. Avicenna*, is so silent upon the disease, that I am convinced it was not even known amongst the sons of *Ishmael*.

It is just about six months since I began to feel the symptoms. I remember, just as well as if it was yesterday, when, and where, and how,

they first struck me. I was one evening at the house of a friend, playing, with one of his daughters, the simple game called "domino." It was about the tenth game, I think, when I felt a sudden pain in my left breast, accompanied with an aptitude for sighing. I got very badly beat; but it could not have been that which occasioned the sudden attack; for my grandmother beat me, the evening before, thrice as many times, without my feeling the least disagreeable sensation in the left breast. It could not have been any thing in the *ivory*,—don't laugh, now; I don't mean her white teeth,—nor in the marble table on which we played the game; no, indeed; I should just as soon have expected evil to arise from the contact of the fair hand with which my pretty opponent moved her pieces—just as soon. It could not have been the touch of the hand. Let me think. It must have been the *ivory*. We read in the Arabian Nights, or somewhere else, of a medicine enclosed in an ivory ball, and so made to perform a wonderful cure. Why not a disease in an oblong square of the same material? "It must be the ivory," said I. So I left off playing domino.

Leaving off playing domino did not cure me;

and I grew worse daily. I did not stop going to the house of my friend, because I thought it quite probable that I might derive benefit from listening to the very sweet singing and very delightful playing of my little opponent at domino. She was a very good-natured girl, and did all she could to drive away my disease, by singing to me sweet songs and sweeter hymns, and by playing Haynes Bayley and Beranger over and over again. But all this only seemed to aggravate the old symptoms, and to bring on new ones. In many respects, and in most of the symptoms, the disease seemed like the dyspepsy; for I had, at times, an intolerable languor, and at other times a fiery activity, a beating of the heart, a headache, no appetite for food, low spirits pretty generally, with, at particular times, slight alleviations; an intolerable restlessness, especially between sunrise and the hour for morning calls; and an indisposition to sleep worthy of Lord Brougham or Alfred the Great.

Other symptoms obtruded themselves, of a singular nature, still more perplexing to medical men, and still more dangerous to myself;—an unaccountable hankering to be left with not more than one in the room; an involuntary

anxiety to be taking the hand of that same person ; a voluntary twisting of the lips into a peculiar and most particular shape ; an extreme and most appalling nervousness, that sometimes, before I knew what I was about, would make me clasp my room-mate in a manner by no means equivocal, and scarcely to be endured by a full-grown person of the gentler sex. Tears I had sometimes ; and then I generally became very eloquent, and, in the language of Scripture, lifted up my voice, though I liked a low whisper better.

I have lived through a half year : another has commenced, and I am no better. I am, in truth, very much distressed with my disease. I have consulted Dr. Jackson, and Dr. Shurtleff, and Dr. Ware, and three Philadelphia doctors, and the famous Dr. Sangrado, who, as usual, advises blood-letting ; but none of them can do any thing for me. I have still the same inclination to play domino ; have headaches, heart-burnings, low spirits, no appetite, and the hankering to be alone as aforesaid, and the voluntary puckering as aforesaid, and the nervousness. Walking helps me some ; but it is only when I walk in a particular path and di-

rection. I might as well walk on the treadmill with a view to relief, as to walk in any path save one. I must walk from my own box W. N. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W, thirty-eight rods and six feet, to feel my exercise beneficial. Going to church gives me great relief; especially does the music; my heart beats time to the treble, that particular part affecting me to such a degree, that I have actually experienced relief from walking home from the church with one of the treble singers. Strange disease! Was there ever the like? I must get cured, or killed.

I said that I must find a remedy for my disease; that I must consult some other physician. I have done so; I have been to a certain Dr. Brownlocks, and have obtained sensible relief. Some of the symptoms have disappeared; others have acquired a new character — *diagnosis* I think it is called. The headache is gone; the beating at the heart has become a pleasure — so much of positive enjoyment, that I do not wish to be cured of it; the low spirits have gone on a tour to the Red Sea; and for appetite, why, the less I say about that, the more there will be of refinement in my language. The

hankering to have the party consist of—two, and the puckering up of the lips, and the nervousness I spoke of, are all upon me stronger than ever; but my physician thinks them no particular cause of alarm; nay, has symptoms of laboring under the same malady. And now I will tell you how I was cured. Gentlemen, hats off; ladies, please drop your best courtesies to my estimable physician, who, though with a curly head, wears not the professional wig.

It was in the pleasant month of June, when I found myself at the house of my friend in *the* room, and, for the first time in many months, again playing domino with the same person with whom I had played it some six months before. We commenced it, and continued playing and playing, till at last it was sunset—bright sunset, with its glorious refulgence thrown over the whole west, and fringing the massy clouds with glittering, yellow sunlight. To-day my opponent was very annoying—very,—stealing my pieces, cheating in the marks, &c. I could not wrap her knuckles as I would a school-boy's; so I had to take fast hold of her hand, and keep it so tightly locked in mine, that she could not use it for my further annoyance. Holding one hand is not holding both; a griev-

ance only half remedied is a grievance still, as any philosopher will tell you; so, to do away all mischief, and all pretence for it, I took her other hand. She knew it would be useless to struggle; so she remained as peaceable as a lamb. Just then came on the fit of the lips, and the nervous spasm; and under their sad influence I drew her forward, and — O dear! I don't know how it is — our lips met, and I kissed her once, twice, thrice, and again and again, and I am not sure — for I was a good deal flurried — but several times after that. She burst into tears, and her head dropped on my shoulder. I have only to add that Dr. Brownlocks is now my wife.

I'VE NAILED MY COLORS TO THE MAST.

BY J. A. JONES.

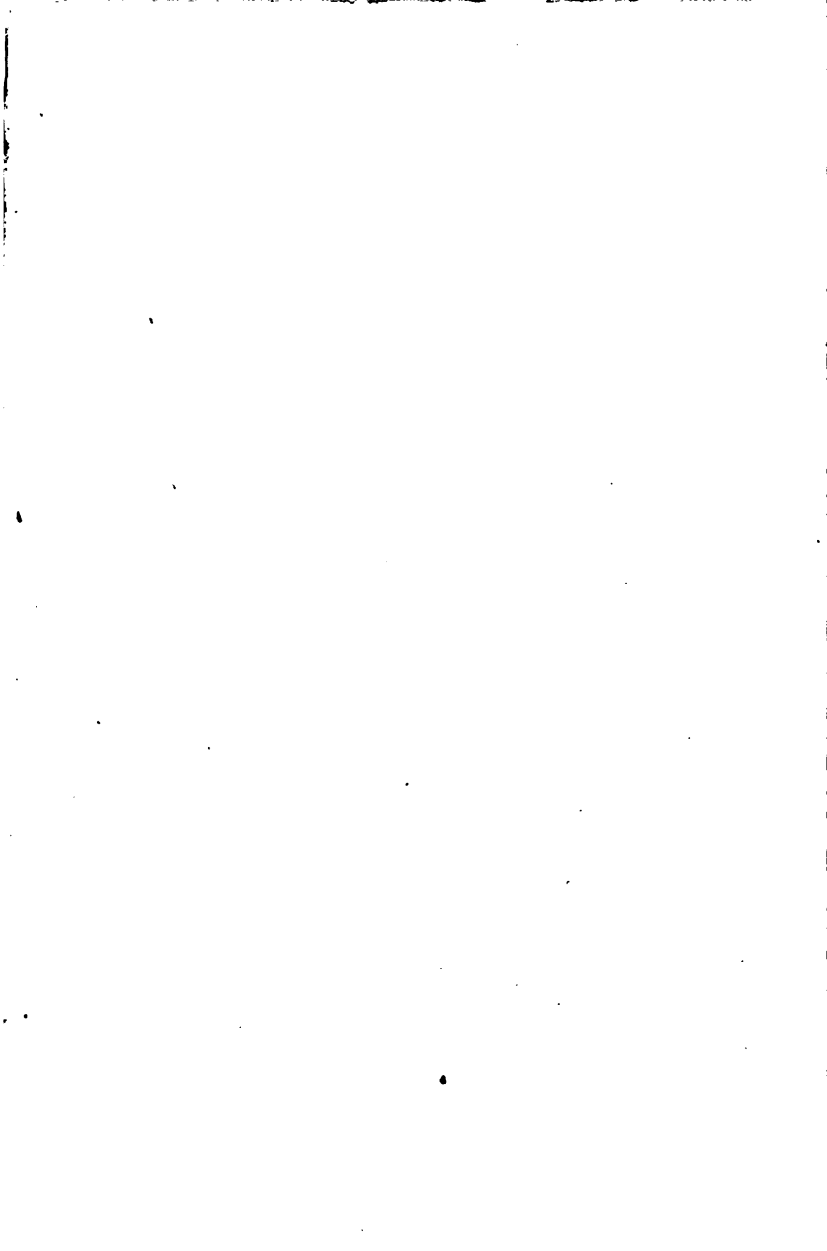
To — —.

I've nailed my colors to the mast;
The anchor of my hopes is cast:
Come life or death, come weal or woe,
I shall not change my faith below.

I shall not change. She that I love
Is soft and gentle as the dove;
The breeze no glossier ringlet stirs,
Earth hath no rubier lip, than hers.

I cannot change. So oft mine eye
Has seen her light foot tripping by,
That, by my fears—oft urged in vain—
I cannot rend away my chain.

I've nailed my colors to the mast;
The anchor of my hope is cast:
Come life or death, come weal or woe,
I shall not change my faith below.





With the best of wishes

Yours truly

... he who...
... for treason, street...
... etation of this is...
... for music is a...
... appellation, every...

... many persons are there,
who know nothing and feel nothing of the



THE LOVER OF NATURE.

THERE are three kinds of affectation, to which a large portion of mankind are addicted. Shakspeare said — without one particle of truth, however — that “ he who hath not music in his soul, is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils ! ” The interpretation of this is, that he who has not an ear for music is a scoundrel ; — to avoid which appellation, every body professes to love music ; though, to my certain knowledge, many very excellent people hate it.

Every body pretends to be fond of pictures, — every body except my friend Parson Flint. He is an honest man, — a perfect transparency, — and he confesses that he could never *raise* a picture ; by which he means that to his eye the canvass even of Raphael is but a flat surface, without distance or perspective, and possessing not the slightest resemblance to the world of realities. Such honesty of confession is rare, — and perhaps such inaptitude of perception, also. But how many persons are there, who know nothing and feel nothing of the

beauty of paintings, who yet talk of them in terms of rapture, bestow upon them all the admiring epithets in our language, and pretend to point out their peculiar beauties with the air of that compound of science and sensibility — an amateur!

The third species of prevalent affectation is that of the love of nature—a love common upon the lips, though seldom in the heart. Not but that every eye may see and appreciate the difference between a fair sky and a foul one, between a winter landscape and one that is redolent of spring. There are few who do not perceive beauty in flowers, in rushing waters, in waving woods, in far-off mountains wreathed with azure, in meadows decked with blossoms as a gaudy queen with gems. There are few, indeed, who can resist the appeal of these to the heart; but if there are any such, they are generally ostentatious pretenders to the love of nature. I know of none whose souls are more truly dead to the voice of God speaking through his works, than those upon whose lips you constantly hear the words “beautiful,” “exquisite,” “delightful,” “charming,” “superb,” “romantic,” “delicious,” &c. &c.

I cannot illustrate what I mean better than by giving a sketch from life. You must know, fair reader, that I am a country gentleman, and a bachelor; and, living near the metropolis, I am often visited by my city acquaintances, especially about the time of strawberries and cream. It was but yesterday that I was favored with a call from Miss Eleanor Flower, whom every body in town—who is any body,—knows to be a lady of the first rank and fashion. She has had all the advantages which wealth can give,—such as instruction, travel, society; to which may be added the experience of thirty years confessed, besides some half dozen more concealed behind curls and lace, and the necromantic arts of the toilet.

Now, Miss Eleanor Flower is a lively lady; and yesterday was a fair, bright day; and June, you know, is the zenith of our year. So we met joyously; and we walked forth into the garden, and then nothing would do but a ramble through the woods. On we went, Miss Flower, my simple niece, Alice Dunn, and myself. Every thing was indeed beautiful; and, for once, my city visitor seemed to *feel*. She had, it is true, the usual sign of affectation and stupidity—the constant use of

such words as "fine," "exquisite," "beautiful," "charming," — those unmeaning generalities by which those who are conscious of some hypocritical pretence, endeavor to hide their hypocrisy. But still these terms were uttered with such warmth by my fair friend, that for a time I was deceived. I began to feel that she had a soul; and her hazel eyes really looked sentimental — a fact which goes far to prove a theory I have long maintained, that there is a power about women at certain times, which resembles, in no small degree, the fatal fascination imputed to the rattlesnake — a power which binds its victim in a spell of bewildering delight, yet only to draw him on to destruction.

Our little party wandered on through the woods for more than an hour; and all was delightful. Miss Flower fairly exhausted the vocabulary of pleasure; and nothing seemed amiss, except now and then she was a little horrified at a toad — or she screamed slightly at a bumble-bee that buzzed saucily in her ear, because he was disturbed in his breakfast of nectar amid the wild honeysuckles — or perchance she made the rather ungraceful and impatient sign of the mosquito upon her per-

son — a sign which can only be forgiven by those who look upon women as human creatures, and not as angels.

At last we were fairly tired, and all three sat down upon the bank of a rivulet to rest. I was seated apart; and, as the two ladies were arranging some little matters of dress, which had been disturbed by the thorns and brambles of our walk, it was proper for me to appear absorbed in a brown study. I therefore looked into the brook, and was soon considered as out of earshot by my companions. My feelings were, however, so much interested in Miss Flower, that I distinctly heard the following conversation :

Miss F. Really, the country is a horrid bore. It may be well enough to talk about; but what is it, after all? Bugs and bumble-bees, and toads and mosquitoes! These are the whole of it.

Alice. But you seem to forget the flowers you praised so much a short time since.

Miss F. Flowers are very well; for they furnish designs for the milliners. But art is superior to nature; for artificial flowers do not fade and fall to pieces; besides, they have a pleasing effect upon a bonnet or a flounce;

while natural flowers, even according to the poet, are often

"born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air."

No, no; flowers are nothing in themselves; but they are turned to good account by art. Thus a flower suggested that beautiful dress of the time of Henri IV., in which a lady was attired so as to have the form of a blossom — the high, pointed ruff representing the calyx; the head, dressed long and smooth, was an image of the pistil.

Alice. But what do you think of the woods? You spoke of them in terms of rapture, a short time ago.

Miss F. O, that's a mere matter of fashion. You must talk in that kind of way. But what can be more detestable than to toil along in a rough path, spoiling your dress, growing red in the face and neck, and tormented with mosquitoes? It's enough to ruin the temper of a saint. No, no; one must go to the country once in a while, and take a walk in the woods, just to speak of it. But that's the whole. It is sometimes necessary to be sentimental; for there are some persons who are taken with

that sort of thing, and there is no way of introducing sentimentality so easily as to speak of the country. Very young men and very old bachelors are caught with thin webs; but they must be spread in the country. You must talk of love in a cottage; of shady walks; of retired woods; of winding dells; of grottoes cooled by waters breathing forth soft music; of twittering birds, billing, cooing, and building nests; of morning, with its refreshing dews shining like diamonds on every leaf; of evening, made for lovers, and the moon, that favors all, yet reveals nothing.

Alice. Really, this is quite a new view of things. Pray, were you not in earnest when you were speaking to my uncle so warmly about the "romantic eloquence of twilight," — as you called it?

Miss F. In earnest? Why, Alice, are you yet a child? Do you really suppose I could be in earnest? It is very well, no doubt, to talk about evening, and twilight, and the starry canopy of heaven. But while you are walking along, discoursing of these things, it is ten to one that a horn-bug smites you full in the face.

Alice. A horn-bug?

Miss F. Yes, a horn-bug — saucy thing! — and I'd rather meet a man in the dark than a horn-bug!

This remark drew an exclamation from Alice; and I could not forbear turning round and looking the two ladies in the face. This put a sudden stop to the dialogue; and now, being fully rested, we set out and returned home. Miss Eleanor Flower soon departed; and I forgot her in reading the following description of a genuine child and lover of nature by old Davenant:

“To Astragon Heaven for succession gave
One onely pledge, and Birtha was her name;
Whose mother slept where flow'rs grew on her grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

“Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theam;
And her minde's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beautie's lanthorn seem.

“She ne'r saw courts, yet courts could have undone.
With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart,
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

“She never had in busie cities bin;
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

"But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business filled the hours:
In Spring she gather'd blossoms for the still;
In Autumn, berries; and in Summer, flowers.

* * * *

"Beneath a mirtle covert she does spend
In maid's weak wishes her whole stock of thought.
Fond maids, who love with minde's fine stuff would
mend,
Which nature purposely of body's wrought."

ABSENCE.

BY MISS LEE.

O, WEARY, weary is my heart;
I cannot smile to-day:
Though sunshine bathes the outer world
In colors warm and gay,
I may not look: a dark eclipse
Hangs o'er the world within,
And throws its mournful shadows o'er
Each place where he has been.

My garden-haunts are dressed with buds
Of full and brilliant dyes;
And once I prized the smallest one,
Because it met his eyes.
But now, although their summer home
Teems with luxuriant bloom,
To me they seem but worthless weeds,
That blossom on the tomb.

But a few weeks ago, we sat
Beneath yon moss-grown tree,
And as he plucked a wreath of flowers,
He named them all for me,

Till every petal whispered low
 A tale of happy fate.
 Alas! my garden now, for me,
 Must be quite desolate.

Nay, ask not for those songs once breathed
 In love's enchanted ear.
 Their soft, sad cadence would awake
 Memories I could not bear.
 How often did they rise for him
 Within our favorite spot!
 Methinks 'twould break my heart to sing
 Those songs where he is not.

'Twas my own spirit lent a spell
 Unto each burning lay,
 When, in another's words, I told
 The love I yearned to say.
 Those words are all unchanged, with which
 Such rapture once was born.
 Why seem they strange? O, 'tis my heart
 That's out of tune, this morn.

Would he were here! I bend above
 Each page of old romance;
 But, while I read, before my eyes
 His image seems to glance;
 Till blinding tear-drops fall so fast,
 They blister every line,
 And recklessly I throw it by,
 To sit again and pine.

O, 'tis a hard and chilling lot,
An agony of woe,
To say farewell to cherished friends,
For some strange clime to go;
But worse, far worse, to dwell within
The haunts where once they moved,
And find each slight, familiar thing
Call back the lost and loved.

Home! ah! I've learned from my own heart
Where lie the mystic keys
That open to the spirit all
Thy dearest sympathies.
No matter where, if friends abound,
Our home is in that spot;
And, O, methinks no place is home
Where the beloved are not.

CHARLESTON, S. C., *April 4.*

"HOW COULD I MURMUR OR REPINE?"

BY J. A. JONES.

HE sang unto his love this song :

**"I'll quit for thee the glittering throng;
The noisy throng I'll quit for thee,
And any where I'll go with thee.**

**"Thou canst not name a spot so lone,
But where, if thou wilt be mine own,
Unto that place, by land or sea,
Love of my soul! I'll fly with thee.**

**"Mine could but be a happy lot,
Whilst thou, sweet creature! graced my cot;
How could I murmur or repine,
Whilst those dear eyes beamed love on mine?**

**"Whilst thy soft hand my own retained
In fondest clasp, what bliss were gained!
How could I murmur or repine,
Whilst that white hand reposed in mine?**

**"When, day by day, we heard alone
Affection's calm and soothing tone,**

How could I murmur or repine,
Whilst those sweet lips were pressed to mine?

"Thy gentle bosom for my cheek,—
In trouble, thy kind voice to speak,—
Thy heart to whisper peace to mine,—
How could I murmur or repine?

"And if, as I have ever thought,
True love is from the Godhead caught,—
Beside so bright and blest a shrine,
How could I murmur or repine?

"Thou canst not name a place so lone,
But where, if thou wilt be mine own,
Unto that spot, by land or sea,
Love of my soul! I'll fly with thee."

SONG.

WHICH is the finest feature
Of a lovely woman's face?
Which to the gentle creature
Adds the greatest grace? —
Neck, or eye, or brow,
Cheek, or lip, or mou'?

I think that a red lip pouting
Is a very charming affair;
And 'tis past all sober doubting
That Harriet's head of hair,
Glossy as a heron's wing,
Is a very bright and lovely thing.

But, after all, *the* feature
Of a lovely woman's face —
What to the gentle creature
Adds the greatest grace —
Is the word, and look, and tone,
That proclaim her all your own.

STANZAS.

No bugle must sound:
Ye bright, waving banners, stoop low!
Let your lances with cypress be bound—
Let the drums be all silent in woe!

The bravest in fight—
The pride of our glory—is slain!
On the war-cloud, to mansions of light,
His spirit has sped from the plain.

EAST FLORIDA, 1840.

THE FLATTERER.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A LADY AND HER MAID.

Lady. Nay, Florence, do not flatter me. I hate flattery. Tell me the truth. What did Sir Charles say?

Maid. He said you had the finest form he ever saw.

Lady. Pshaw! nonsense! You said he spoke of my eyes. What did he say of them?

Maid. I am afraid I shall offend you.

Lady. Offend me? Why?

Maid. You said you did not like flattery.

Lady. Nor do I. I hate it. I hate flattery. But what said Sir Charles about my eyes?

Maid. He said they united the softness of the opal with the brilliancy of the diamond. He said they became one whose dignity would have been forbidding, had it not been redeemed by so much grace.

Lady. Was that all he said?

Maid. Yes, lady.

Lady. Are you sure ?

Maid. Yes, I am sure, my lady.

Lady. Well, Flora, this is the same dress I wore when Sir Charles said those things of me ; is it not ?

Maid. The same.

Lady. Florence, you are a good girl, and I beg you to accept this brooch ; but do not flatter me more. I wish you would not tell me those things of Sir Charles. I hate flattery above all things.

Maid. (Aside.) No doubt ; witness this beautiful brooch !

ON ABSENCE.

FRIENDSHIP and love, divinely sung,
In many a poet's lay I hear;
But I, though sanguine still and young,
Too long have ceased to know them near.

And were there none who owe me these,
And none to whom the debt is owed,
It would not steal an hour of ease,
Nor give my heart a moment's load,—

To know that through my best of youth
Its lot in loneliness is cast,
With nought to cheer, and nought to soothe,
Save idle memory of the past.

But when I think of those whose eyes
Have warm and tender looks for me,
United by those kindred ties,
Which time may wear but never free,—

Of those with whom my early years
In boyish innocence were spent,—
I give perforce my soul to tears,
Which else could find no other vent.

How oft I wished, in those past times,
To view the earth through all its range,
The gorgeousness of tropic climes,
And ocean, glorious in each change!

But not all beauty God hath shed
On ocean, continent, or isle,
Is worth one joy which home hath bred,
One gentle look, one pleasing smile.

"BORN BUT TO DIE."

"BORN BUT TO DIE!" Alas for all!
Formed to decay, and raised to fall!
For all that holds the lingering eye,
Born but to die,—born but to die!

O dread decree! O fatal truth!
Scarce felt in man's exulting youth,
When pleasure seems too sweet to fly,
And hope is born,—born but to die!

I mark the tint on Beauty's cheek;
I hear her voice in music speak:
That bloom, that tone, but wakes my sigh
For Beauty's spell,—born but to die!

I mark the enthusiastic boy:
Song fills his soul with hope and joy;
Immortal longings, swelling high,
Thrill his young breast,—born but to die!

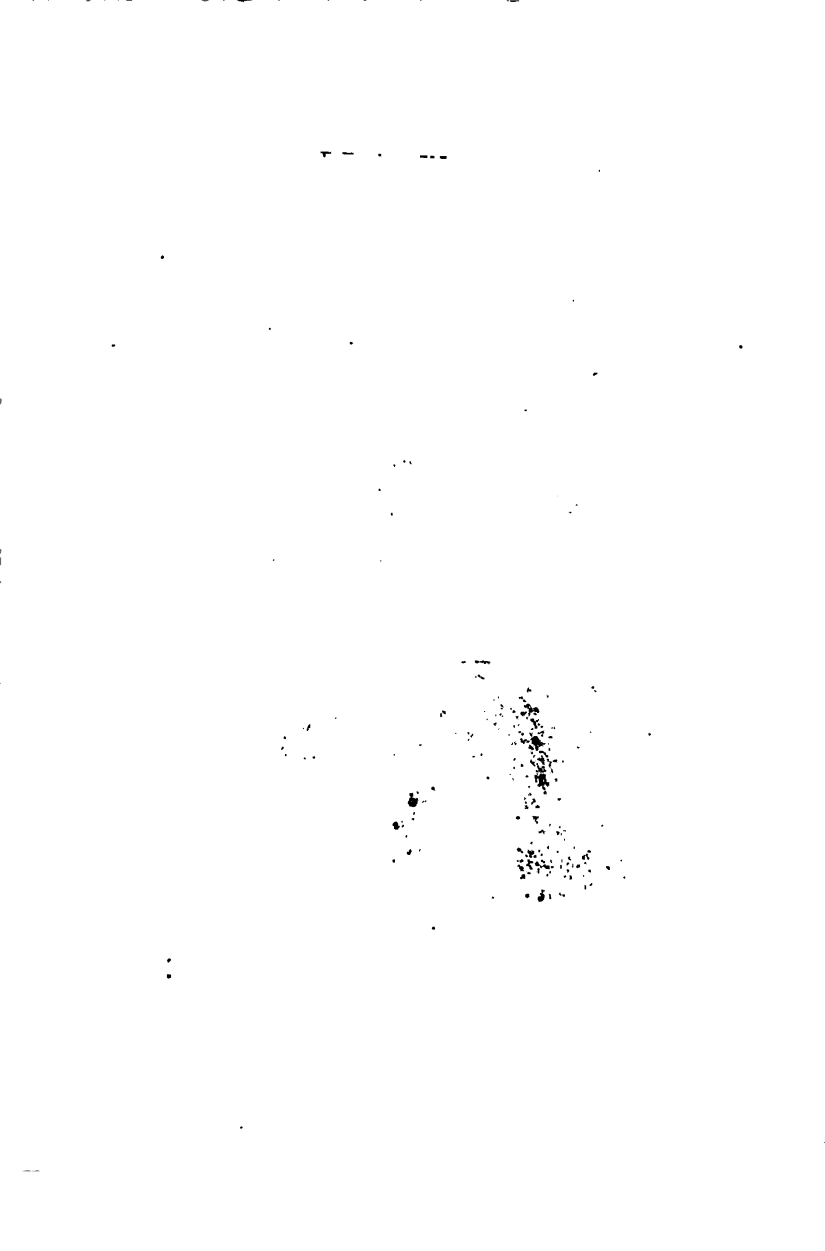
I mark the man whose sterner schemes
Have banished youth's impassioned dreams:
What can his earnest toil supply
To evade the curse,—born but to die?

I gaze upon a glorious scene—
The round earth clothed with living green,
The rolling main, the sapphire sky:
“And were ye, too, born but to die?”

“Chaos hath been where now we be—
Blue sky, green earth, and rolling sea;
And chaos here again shall lie:
“Mortal we are,—born but to die!”

What, then, shall live? From out the gloom,
That broods o'er nature's future tomb,
I hear a solemn spirit's cry,
“Seek ye and find what shall not die!”





THE DECLARATION.

It is a melancholy evidence of the depravity of man, that the severest of human maladies, the acutest of mortal sufferings, are standing themes of caricature, jest, and ridicule. Thus, for instance, a person afflicted with the toothache is an object of general derision; and he is usually passed by with the heartless remark, "That fellow wants an application of cold steel!" One who is suffering from homesickness, or even from seasickness, is often treated in the same unfeeling manner.

But, of all complaints that flesh is heir to, *lovesickness* is doubtless the most excruciating. And yet, exactly in proportion to its malignity, this disease seems to excite the sneers of a cold, unsympathizing world. Nay, woman — gentle, tender-hearted woman — she who hath sympathy for all other sorrows — seems to find occasion for mirth in the agonies of this horrid malady. It is true that some old maids seem to have a

proper sense of the wickedness of mocking those who are suffering from this disease; but those who are about the age of seventeen, are often utterly destitute of such feelings. I have known — whether in my own experience, I shall not say — a girl, who, in other respects, sustained a fair character, to titter outright at seeing a man fall down at her feet in a paroxysm of this complaint. Alas! alas! to what a state of sin and misery, hath that slip of our mother Eve, reduced her descendants!

All this might seem incredible, if it were not matter of notoriety. There are few, indeed, who have not had their share of bitter experience, to demonstrate the verity of what we affirm. But, if the facts are clear, the philosophy, upon which they rest, is involved in mystery. Why are these things so? This is a question which must be left to some future Locke or Newton. But there is another practical question, which each one should put himself: Why is it that there are hospitals for rheumatism, and gout, and fever, and small-pox, and none for love-sickness? Why is it that there are societies, even in benighted Hindostan, for the relief of maimed rats and mice, and, throughout all

Christendom, not a convent or a hospital for those who suffer from the most bewildering and bewitching of earthly complaints?

This subject demands immediate attention; and, in an age of associations for ameliorating the condition of the human race, something surely may be done for that class of sufferers of whom we speak. While there is such an enlightened sympathy for Hindoo widows, the day cannot be far distant when the attention of the benevolent shall be directed to the relief of those who are smitten with the arrows of the most malicious of archers.

If we may be permitted to make a suggestion, we will say that this subject appeals with great force to the softer sex. We are of that class, who believe, indeed, that the lamp of earthly charity would go out forever, if woman were not, day and night, replenishing it with oil from the fountain of her generous bosom; and especially we believe, that she alone can hope to alleviate or remove the calamity of lovesickness — a disease which seems to fall with peculiar severity upon the sterner sex. If a woman is ever affected with it, it is usually of such kind or degree, that she keeps it to herself. May we, then, not hope and expect, that woman

will dedicate herself to the mitigation and cure of this fearful malady?

With these brief hints, it might be proper for us to dismiss this subject; but we cannot forbear remarking, that *females* (we must be permitted to use this technical word in a treatise so scientific as this) who have a tendency or aptitude to excite the malady of lovesickness, are often found to possess a peculiar skill or capacity for curing it. It would seem from this that there may be more truth than elegance in the adage, "The hair of the same dog," &c. We may add to these observations, that, in this disease, practice is better than theory, and nature is superior to philosophy. If a hospital should arise from these suggestions, and Miss Martineau should be elected president, we would respectfully suggest, that females rather younger than she is, should be employed to nurse the patients.

We cannot better illustrate our remarks, and enforce the importance of our subject upon the reader, than by directing his attention to the picture entitled "*The Declaration.*" It might seem that this word would need no explanation; but it may be proper to say that, technically, it signifies that act of madness to which the

disease of which we are treating, usually leads. There are many — alas! very many — who have experienced that throbbing of the heart; that bewilderment of the brain; that tottering of the knees; that trembling of the hand; that faltering of the tongue; that rushing of the blood; that tempest of mingled hope and fear; that awful setting of life's dearest wishes upon the hazard of a die — which attends the act of frenzy, sometimes called “popping the question!” Who that has passed through such a scene, fails to look back to it, in after years, with wonder, that his faculties ever recovered from the wreck, the abandonment, the confusion, of that awful moment?

O woman! woman! thou who canst cast such a potent spell over man, — thou who canst hurl down from his supremacy the acknowledged lord of creation, and humble him at thy very feet, like the spell-bound bird, fallen and fluttering before the fascinations of the serpent, — as thy power is great, see that thou abuse it not; see that thou exercise it generously! On this interesting occasion, we would appeal to the sex individually, (for, according to our experience, it is ever better to take one at a time,) and beg them to give this subject their serious

attention; and should it be the fate of any one of them, in the course of human events, to excite the mental malady of which we have been discoursing, let her take example from the peasant maiden in the picture, and soften the sufferings of the victim, by catching the disease with which he is afflicted. In this state of mutual suffering, go both to the nearest minister, and let him, by the aid of the church, exorcise you.





W. L. G. L.

THE PILGRIM.

ON a wintry night, in that remote period when Matilda, or Maud, was contending with Stephen of Blois for the crown of England, a faint tap was heard at the door of a Saxon farmer. The wife of the farmer was alone; but she did not hesitate to give admission to the applicant, though the times were troublesome, and the soldiers of Stephen, quartered in the vicinity, were understood to be engaged in some attack that night. The stranger entered, habited like a pilgrim bound for Palestine, or returning thence. The dame offered him such hospitality as her house could afford; and though her eye did not violate the reverent courtesy due to a palmer, by gazing at him, yet her curiosity was keenly excited, and, by stolen glances, she had soon taken an exact inventory of the person and dress of her guest.

He was small for a man, with a brunette complexion, but of remarkably soft skin and

delicate features. His voice and manner were peculiarly gentle, and there was a raven gloss about the ringlets of his hair, that stole out from the pilgrim hat, which gave him a feminine appearance. Women are not easily deceived by women. Men cheat them, for love comes in to blind the lynx-eyed sagacity of the sex. Not so with each other: the wily mirror of the heart suggests and detects the artifices of their kind, whom they always regard as spies and rivals. The Saxon wife, therefore, soon penetrated the disguise of the seeming pilgrim, and had no difficulty in making her out to be a woman, young, beautiful, and high bred. The rumor had come to her ears, that an attack was to be made upon a convent in the vicinity, supposed to be friendly to Maud; and she had no great difficulty in conjecturing that the attack had been made, and that the stranger was one of the inmates who had escaped from the stour. With these ideas floating in her brain, she began to put fishing questions, and soon learned that all her conjectures were right. She also ascertained that the fugitive was a niece of the queen; that her name was Blanch; and that she was betrothed to Eustace St. Maur,

a Norman knight, whose deeds of valor had filled the wonder-loving ear of the people of that day with delight.

What was now to be done? The Saxon dame conceived a strong interest in behalf of the maiden, excited partly by her personal loveliness, and partly by her danger and distress. Her husband was a staunch friend to Stephen, and was in fact a sort of commissary in his service, his duty being to supply his table with such luxuries as the gardens and parks in the vicinity could produce. The king's castle was not far distant, and the Saxon had frequent and familiar intercourse with the people in and about it. He was therefore attached to the king by his interest, and by his habits of thought and action.

To undertake to bring him into any scheme of escape for Blanch, was out of the question: indeed, it was not deemed safe to intrust him with the fact that she was in the house. After canvassing several plans, it was decided that the two females should immediately set out on foot, and endeavor to reach a village at the distance of seven miles, where it was known that Eustace St. Maur was posted with a troop of

about fifty horse. Knowing that her husband was engaged in the destruction of the convent, and would not return till the next day, the dame locked her house, and, with her gentle charge, set out on their difficult and perilous enterprise.

It was now midnight, and, though there were several horsemen in the vicinity, there was not a sound to be heard. If the silence was broken at all, it was only by the gruff voice of a watchdog, or by the distant murmur that came from the ruined convent, the fires of which still threw a ruddy reflection upon the sky. Their route, however, lay in an opposite direction, and gradually these sounds, as well as the fire light, died away. They plodded on by a winding country road, each buried in her own reflections. Blanch thought of her danger from King Stephen and his troops, on the one hand, and the hardly less frightful alternative of throwing herself upon her lover for protection, on the other. The Saxon dame was chiefly occupied in devising answers to her husband, if he should come home before her return.

While they were thus pursuing their way as fast as the rough, frozen ground would permit,

they heard the tramp of horses in their rear. Their first idea was to fly ; but whither ? They were now on an open plain, with not an object at hand behind which they could conceal themselves. Their only hope was that the palmer's holy character would insure protection. They therefore went on, assuming as assured an air as possible, their limbs, however, trembling with anxiety. In a few minutes, the horsemen, about fifty in number, came up. The leader somewhat roughly addressed the two travellers, and, finding their answers vague and incoherent, caused them both to be mounted on horseback, and then rapidly pursued his march.

In about an hour, they reached a ruinous castle, and, the gate being immediately opened, they all passed in. The soldiers took their horses to the stables, and the two females were placed under the charge of a stout, gruff woman, who received sundry careful directions in a whisper, from the leader. In obedience to the directions she had received, the woman took them, through various obscure passages, to a remote room in the castle, and, without saying a word, left them to their reflections.

Blanch and her guide now began to confer

with each other, and put together the observations they had severally made. These, however, amounted to very little; for the men were generally taciturn, and, if they spoke, it was only in French, which neither of the females understood. The conclusion at which they arrived, however, was, that the troop belonged to some Norman knight in the service of Queen Matilda, and that they had been engaged that night with some of Stephen's men, who had burnt the convent; and, finally, that they had taken two or three Englishmen, among whom the Saxon dame strongly believed was her husband. She insisted that among the prisoners, who were on horseback, and who had been stationed at a little distance from her, in the march, she could, through the darkness, make out the figure of the Saxon farmer; and, moreover, she declared she could easily detect his voice, in the low murmurs which occasionally broke from his lips.

While they were discussing these points, heavy footsteps were heard in the passage, and the leader of the troop entered the room. The hearts of both females beat violently as they saw his features by the light of the torch which he bore. His chin and upper lip were entirely

covered with a harsh, black beard; and beneath his visor, which he still wore, his eyes seemed to shoot forth a peculiarly suspicious and sinister light. His form was short and massy, and bespoke a man of prodigious strength. He now sat down, and, after taking a deliberate look at both Blanch and her companion, fixed his eyes upon the former, and spoke as follows:—

“So, this is some mummery: the seeming palmer is but a lass after all. I dare say you are a merry one. Pray, what can we do, in our castle, for your diversion, and that of your buxom friend?”

“I must know first who and what you are,” said Blanch.

“Indeed, who and what *I* am? Is it come to this, that I must tell *who* and *what* I am? But no matter; you see what I am, and you will learn who I am, in time. So, what can I do for you? I am your slave, and you have but to command.”

“Take me to your master, Eustace St. Maur.”

This reply of Blanch evidently disconcerted the soldier, and, after a few further observations in a more respectful tone, he left the room. It was not long before he returned; but another

was with him. The first glance of Blanch told her it was St. Maur himself; but she moved not. The knight entered the room, and, casting a hasty look at the pilgrim, bent his eyes toward her companion. Having looked upon her for an instant, he turned to the soldier, and said impatiently, "Are you mocking me, Maulever? I am ill inclined for jest. I bid you beware of such sport!"

"Nay, my lord," said Maulever, "before you run me through the body, pray take a look beneath the brim of that pilgrim's hat, and tell me if the eyes are not very like a pair you have seen before."

Eustace did as he was directed. At the same time, Blanch lifted her hat. St. Maur sprang to her, and she fell into her lover's arms. Her troubles were soon over, and she then directed his attention to the situation of her generous guide. The Saxon dame had judged rightly; for her husband was really a prisoner in the castle. She was permitted to take her own way in releasing him. She went to his room in the dungeon keep, and, after upbraiding him for allowing himself to be taken prisoner, she permitted him to go forth, and take his horse. She then

mounted behind him, and they went forth, under the escort of two horsemen, armed to the teeth. The Saxon was strangely bewildered at all this; and it was not till several years after, that the shrewd wife consented to tell the whole story, and give up the advantage she held over her husband, by seeming to have sufficient power over an enemy, and that enemy Eustace St. Maur, to induce him to surrender so important a captive as the Saxon commissary.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

SISTER, I blush not that thy friendly eyes
Have pierced the secret of my bold disguise ;
But bless the love that kindness can impart,
Nor coldly scan the purpose of my heart.
I lonely roam to seek a noble youth,
A brave crusader in the cause of truth.
Perchance his life-blood now is ebbing fast,
While his faint lips call on me to the last.
Thanks for this cheering cup, that tender smile -
Thy silent goodness shall my way beguile.
When love is offered at a worthy shrine,
Is not the worship lofty and divine?
Affection's pledge is holy, and 'tis meet,
Even with tearful eyes and weary feet,
Thus to obey its guidance from afar,
As turns the magnet to the polar star.
Then let it not thy gentle soul surprise,
That Love's true pilgrim wears Religion's guise.

H. T. P.

FOOT-PRINTS.

A PEASANT's cottage stood in the midst of a wide common; and, as I passed it in the morning, the scene around was wrapped in a mantle of the purest snow. This had fallen during the night; and, as the air had been still, it was of a uniform depth. Not a foot-print, as yet, had broken its surface; for the peasant had not gone forth. Not even the track of the familiar cat or sentinel dog was visible before the door. I passed on; and, as there was nothing in the scene to fix my attention, I thought no more of it at the time. But, as evening approached, I was returning to my home, and again I passed the cottage. I now remarked that the snow around it was not unbroken, as before; but it was marked by a variety of feet that had been busy during the day in walking hither and thither. There was the impress of the peasant's hob-nailed shoe; of the wife's more delicate slipper; of children's feet, of two sizes; of a cat and a dog. And these foot-prints seemed to tell what each individual had done. I did not

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

SISTER, I blush not that thy friendly eyes
Have pierced the secret of my bold disguise ;
But bless the love that kindness can impart,
Nor coldly scan the purpose of my heart.
I lonely roam to seek a noble youth,
A brave crusader in the cause of truth.
Perchance his life-blood now is ebbing fast,
While his faint lips call on me to the last.
Thanks for this cheering cup, that tender smile -
Thy silent goodness shall my way beguile.
When love is offered at a worthy shrine,
Is not the worship lofty and divine ?
Affection's pledge is holy, and 'tis meet,
Even with tearful eyes and weary feet,
Thus to obey its guidance from afar,
As turns the magnet to the polar star.
Then let it not thy gentle soul surprise,
That Love's true pilgrim wears Religion's guise.

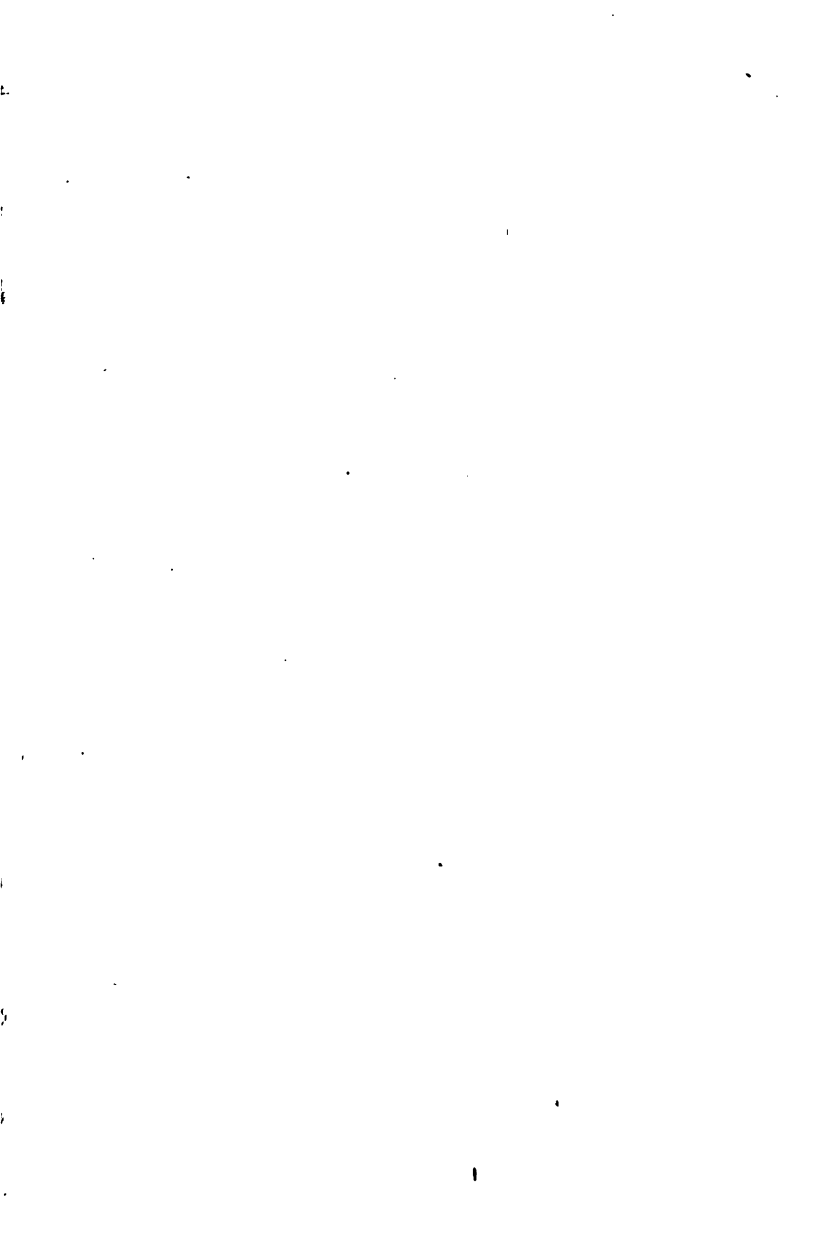
H. T. P.

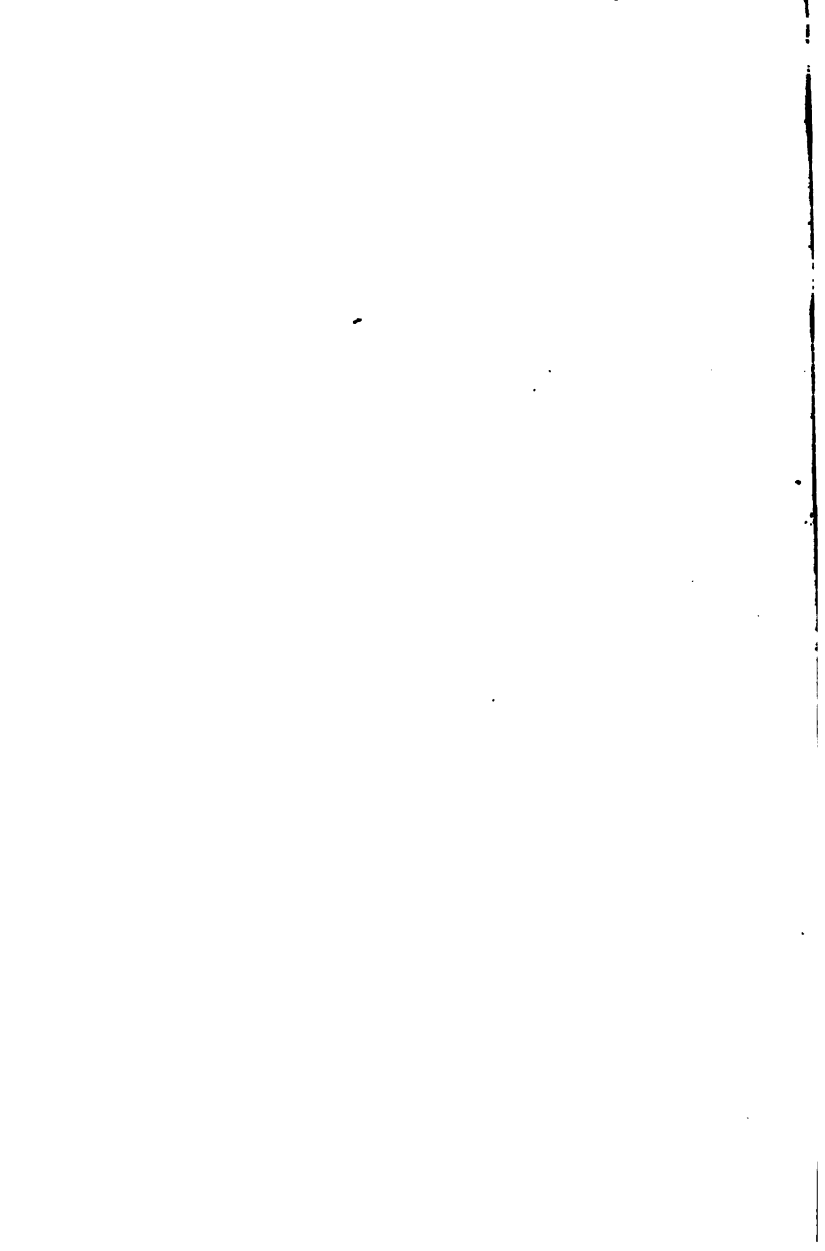
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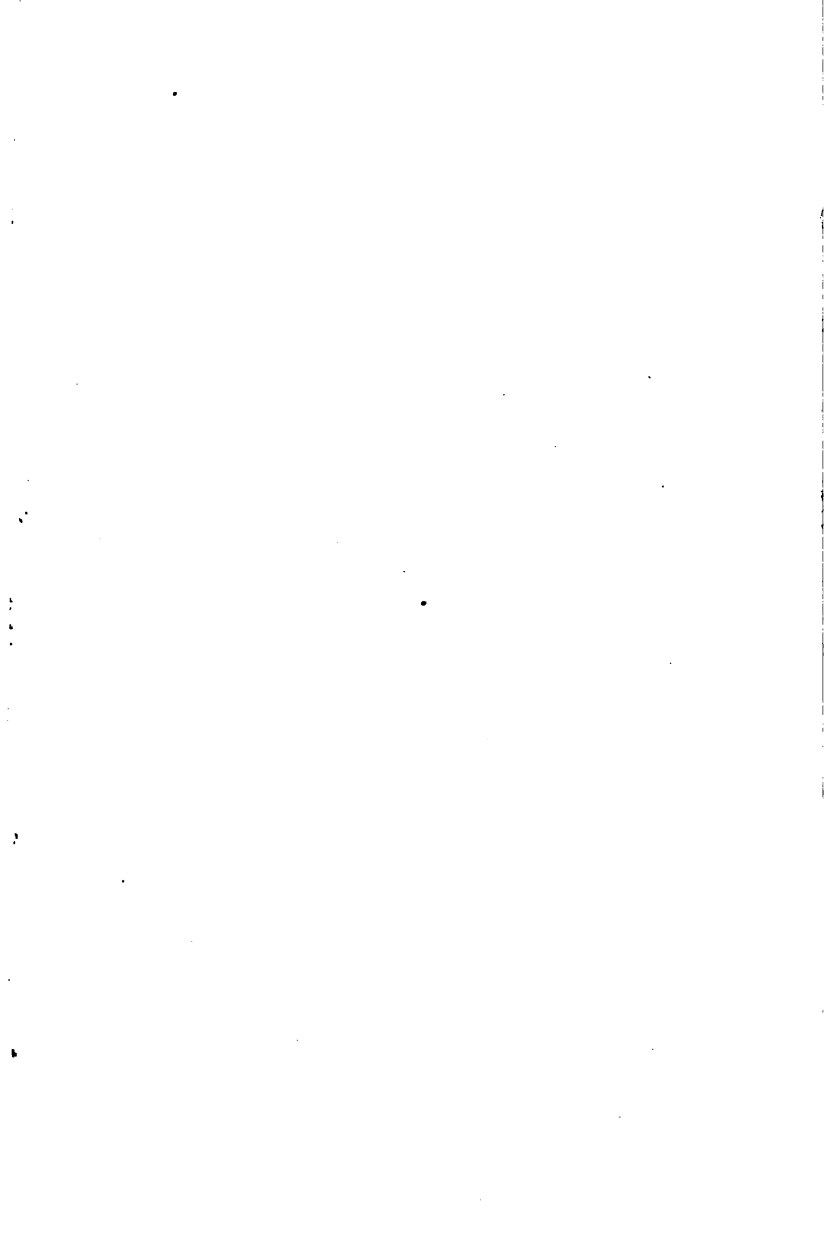
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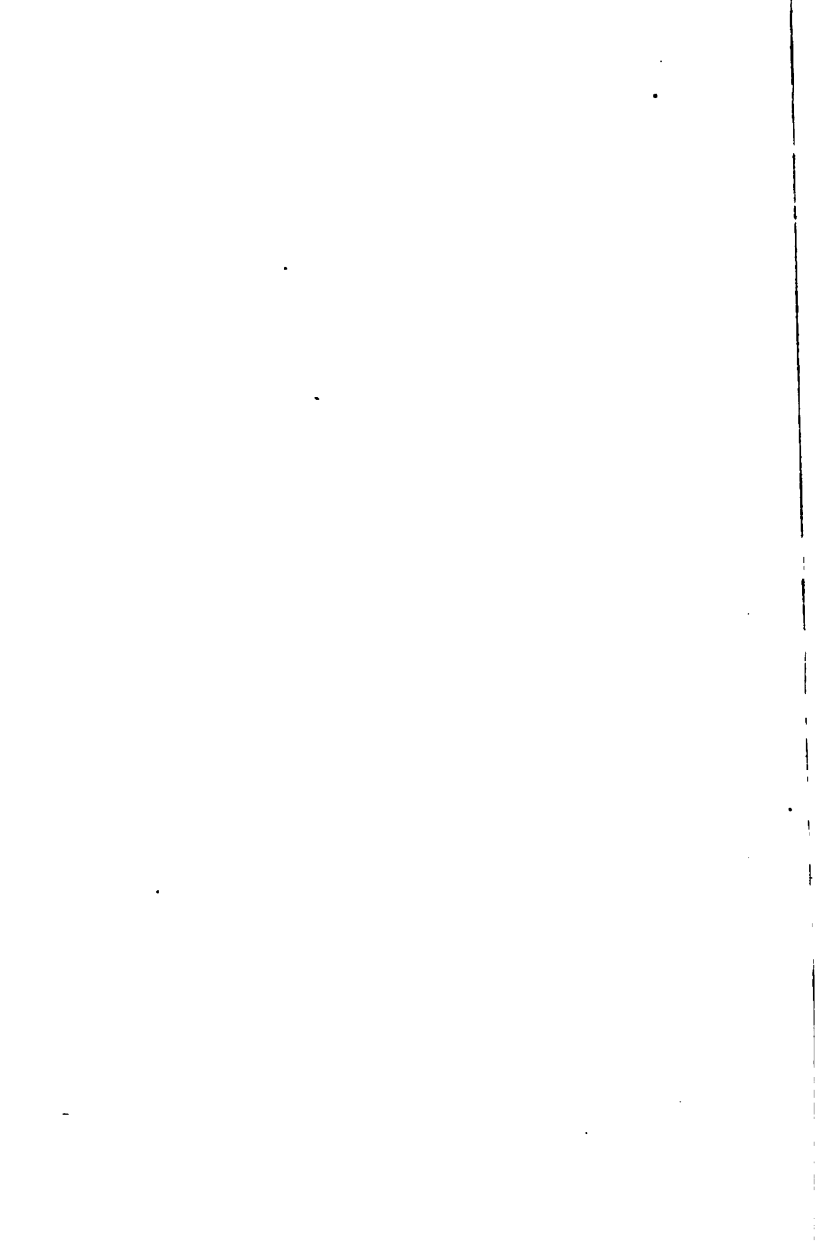
pause to read the minute record of each ; but a hasty glance told of the labors of the peasant, and of his visits to a little thatched barn ; and of the call which his wife had made upon a neighbor at a little distance. The winding and mazy tracks of the children's feet, told of the pranks and frolics of young and thoughtless life. The foot-prints of the cat showed that she had prowled beneath benches, and trees, and bushes, in search of mice ; and the tracks of the dog told of his visits to the road-side to greet the passers by.

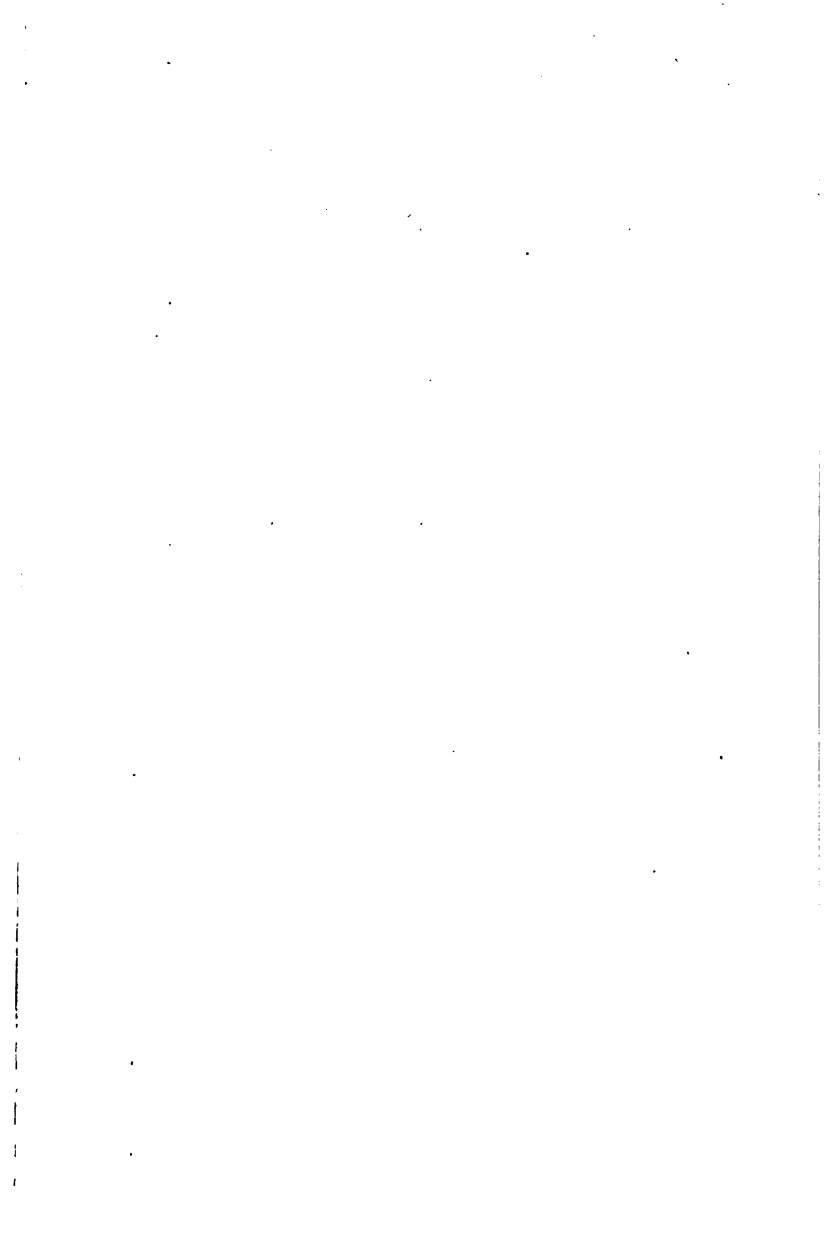
I was in a moralizing mood, and there was a meaning in this scene, to me, which I did not forget. It seemed that each individual, as he stepped upon that carpet of snow, wrote the history of every act, and left it legible to all eyes ; and I thought to myself, were it really so in all our thoughts and actions, how often would the writing be such as we should be glad to efface ! And then, again, it occurred to my mind, that such a record is actually kept, written in more enduring characters than foot-prints in the snow !













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